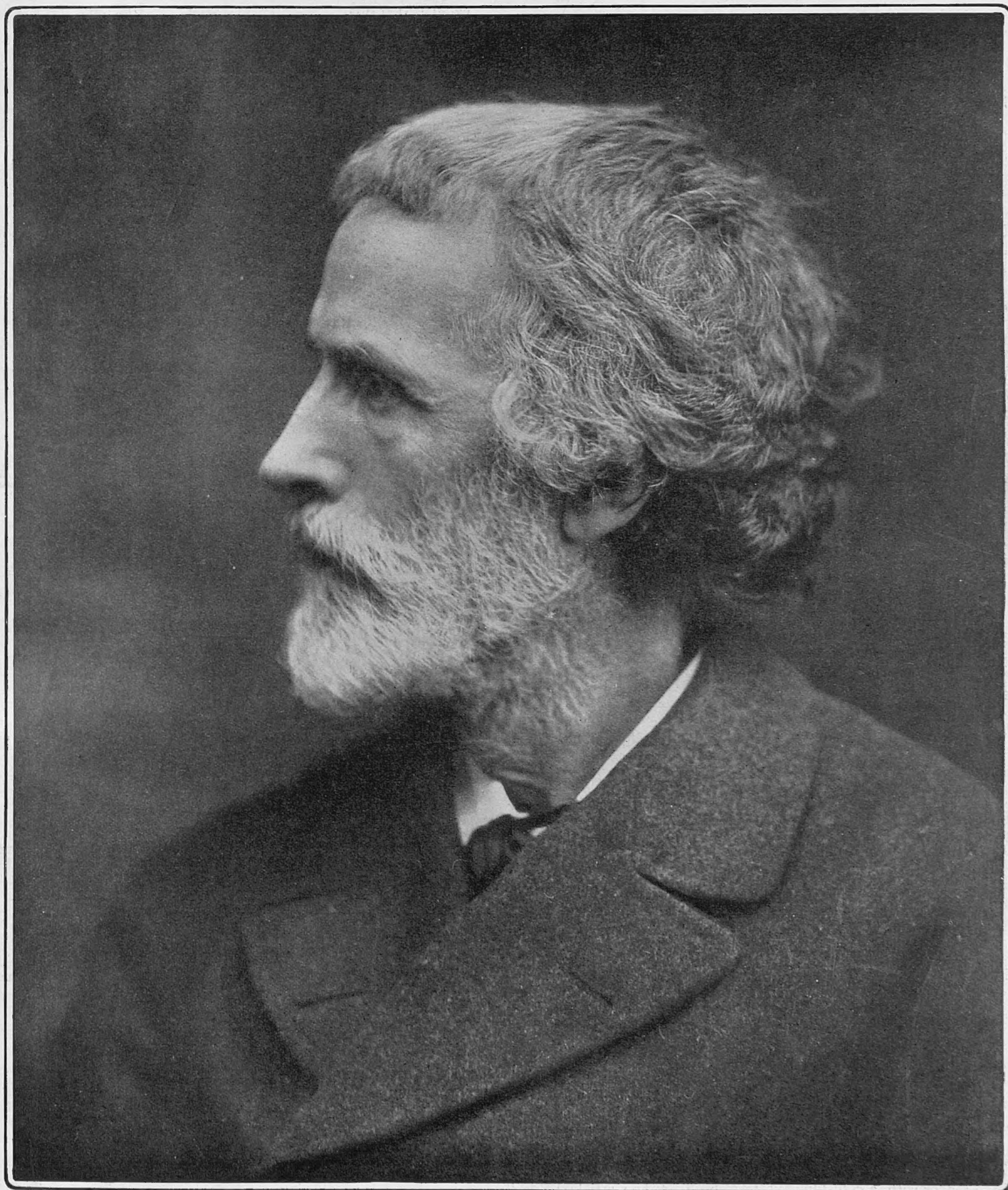




No. 567.—Vol. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1903

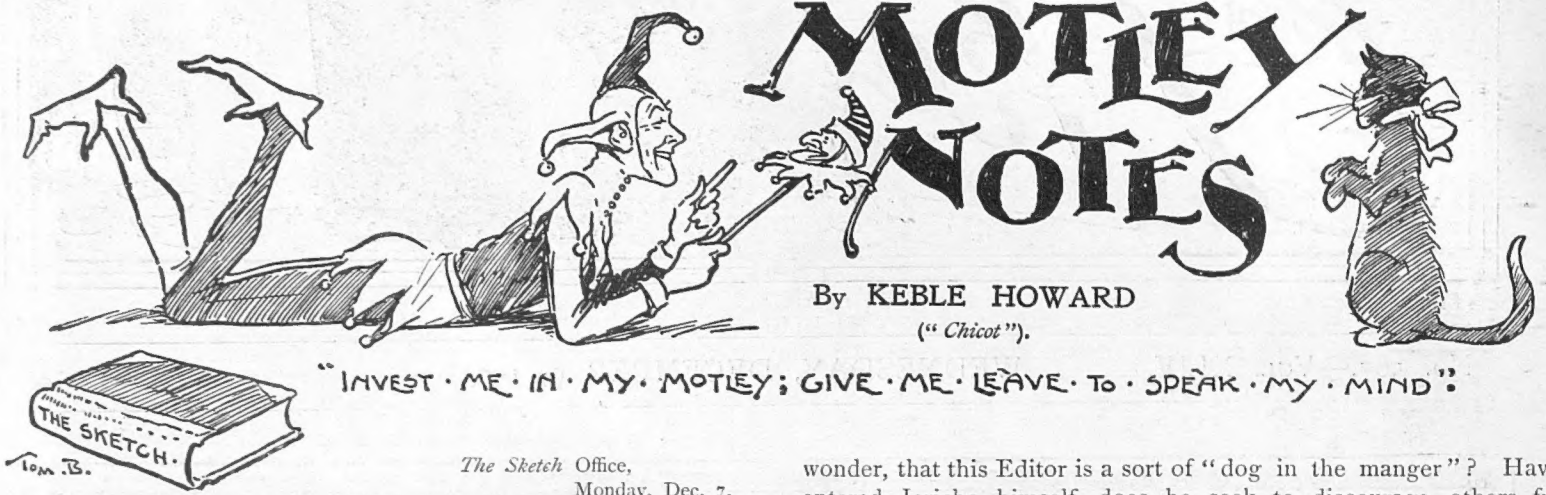
SIXPENCE.



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST IS SLOWLY RECOVERING FROM HIS RECENT SERIOUS ILLNESS.

Photograph by J. Thomson.



By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

ALL the best children—and I am using the term in a moral as well as a social sense—should be taken to see "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Garrick. Just as Caleb Plummer, with his toys, gets as near to Nature as he can for sixpence, so Mr. Bouchier gets very near to Dickens for the handsome sum mentioned in the preliminary paragraphs. There are some people, of course, who shrink from Dickens as the Devil shrinks from holy water. At Christmas-time, however, we do not bother our heads about such folk. Very wisely, they will shun the Cricket, and the Cricket will chirp all the more merrily for their absence. Some of them, I noticed, managed to find their way into the Garrick for the first performance of this revival, but they were there to flatter their own vanity, I imagine, rather than to pay homage at the shrine of the author. A gentleman who sat next to me, for example, yawned, and stretched, and fidgeted all the evening. He was wearing a beautiful fur coat thrown well back from the chest in order to display a beautiful diamond-stud. There were diamond-links in his cuffs, diamond-rings on his fingers, and, for all I know, diamond-bells on his toes. The whole of his attire, in fact, was shouting as loudly as possible; he had every right to expect, therefore, that the walls of Society—the modern Jericho—would speedily fall.

The newspaper discussion as to the advisability or otherwise of reading in bed has called forth some interesting confessions. Mr. Frank T. Bullen, for instance, declares that he has seldom read anywhere else since he was twelve years of age. This reminds me of my undergraduate days. On one occasion, having been frantically busy with more important matters, I left all my reading for a certain "School" until within a week of the examination. Then, luckily enough, I was stricken down with an attack of influenza. I went to bed, stayed in bed for the week, read hard the whole time, and just managed to satisfy the examiners. The examination, I need hardly say, was a childishly easy one, but I should never have scraped through it but for my reading in bed. I tried the same method on a subsequent occasion with less pleasing results, but I still cultivate the habit as a recreation. I am always very careful, however, to select a book that will lull me to rest. One does not want to laugh, or cry, or get excited just before dropping off to sleep. Tennyson's poems, therefore, make suitable reading at this time of night, and another volume that I keep near at hand is George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." The Papers are not too long, and the general tone of the volume is singularly peaceful and soothing.

The least soothing author—at any rate, if one may judge from her articles in the *Gentlewoman*—is "Rita." You have no idea, unless you have read "Rita" on the sin and scandal of the smart set, what a dreadfully depraved country we are inhabiting. "Think," she urges, in speaking of the "Cake Walk" as walked in Society, "of 'lovely women and brave men' barking, leaping, floundering about on all-fours, trailing costly gowns and crumpling dress-shirts in the endeavour to re-capture the lost art of apes, and monkeys, and camels; of emulating the graces of the barndoor fowl and the grunting autocrat of the pig-sty! How diverting!" I agree with "Rita." I had no idea, indeed, that the lovely women and brave men in Society ever did anything half so diverting as this talented lady here describes. I have danced the "Cake Walk" myself once or twice; I have even won a slice of cake in a competition; but I never realised before that this graceful dance was so full of possibilities. The Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, unfortunately, damps the enthusiasm of the reader with a cold-blooded head-note. "The article below," he says, "would make very sad reading did we believe it were true of any considerable section of English Society." Can it be possible, I

wonder, that this Editor is a sort of "dog in the manger"? Having entered Jericho himself, does he seek to discourage others from shouting at the walls?

I am sorry "Rita's" articles are coming to a conclusion this week, for she would have been very amusing, I expect, on the subject of coloured clothes for men. In the opinion of a great London tailor, I hear, there is growing dissatisfaction among well-dressed men at the sameness and sombreness of their attire. Dress coats, therefore, are to be lined with crimson silk, and the ordinary black trousers are to be discarded in favour of knee-breeches and coloured stockings. The really swagger man, I hope, will have his crest worked in colours on his shirt-front, and we shall then be able to look forward to the day when every smart person will wear a nose-ring. I should like to see an improvement, too, in male headgear. A top-hat may be all very well for the House of Commons; it is horribly out of place, however, in the Park. A yellow-and-green Panama, neatly trimmed with a few yards of red ribbon and a handful of blue feathers, would heighten the gaiety of the scene and help to amuse the children. We are handicapped, I admit, by the climate; but there is a good deal to be said, you know, for the lion's-skin of our ancestors and some cheerful stripes of woad.

One is naturally loth to speak severely of those in authority, but I feel that I have a duty to perform with respect to Mr. Plowden. Any constant reader of the Halfpenny Press, such as myself, cannot but have noticed the daily witticisms attributed to this genial police-magistrate. As a rule, these magisterial jests are set out in dialogue form, thus enticing the idle railway-passenger to read and be merry. Yet Mr. Plowden, in his recently published autobiography, "Grain or Chaff," actually complains that the reports of Police Court cases are made very disappointing. "It would almost seem," he declares, "as if newspaper reporters vied with each other in making their reports as colourless as possible." In my amazement, I submitted this statement to several journalistic friends who have gone through the mill of Police Court reporting. To a man, they choked with indignation. Not once a week, they assured me, does a magistrate crack a joke with enough fun in it to get past a junior sub-editor. Invariably, they told me, the little dialogues in the paper are the result of bitter wrestlings with the truth on the part of the reporter. And, indeed, when I think over my one experience of Mr. Plowden's Court, I feel bound to accuse that gentleman of base ingratitude. Having thus done my duty by my colleagues, I can only pray that my good angel will, for the future, keep me as far as possible from Mr. Plowden's district.

Amidst the general upheavals that have been going on in the world of journalism, the *Sun*, that sheet of many vicissitudes, has achieved the extraordinary feat of doubling back on itself. That is to say, it now appears as an eight-page paper, similar, in shape, to the *Sunday Sun*. But that is not the only unnatural phenomenon that has been visible, for the past ten evenings, at the offices in Temple Avenue, "in the precinct of Blackfriars." The Radical spots on this *Sun* have entirely disappeared, and it now shines, noon, afternoon, and evening, on the Palace of Highbury. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Chamberlain should have seen fit to establish special communication, and it may be confidently anticipated that His Solar Majesty will be able to exercise a stimulating effect upon this political Martian. Among other changes, by the way, I note that the final edition is printed on green paper. The colour of the midnight *Sun*, however, is no reflection on the condition of homeward subscribers. The green tint is merely a graceful concession on the part of King Sol to his lunar consort, who might otherwise be in danger of finding herself put out of countenance.

DICKENS AT THE GARRICK :
TWO SCENES FROM "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

The Fairy Home (Miss Dorothy Grimston).



"Dot" (Miss Jessie Bateman). John Peerybingle (Mr. J. H. Barnes). The Cricket (Miss Empsie Bowman). Tilly Slowboy (Miss Lizzie Webster).

CHIRP THE FIRST: JOHN PEERYBINGLE'S COTTAGE.

The Cricket and the fairies pay a midnight visit to honest John and "Dot," his wife.

John Peerybingle Tackleton Mrs. Fielding Bertha Tilly Slowboy Edward
(Mr. J. H. Barnes). (Mr. J. Robertshaw). (Miss Caroline Ewell). (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). (Miss Lizzie Webster). (Mr. Frank Mills).



"Dot" (Miss Jessie Bateman). Caleb Plummer (Mr. Arthur Bourchier). [Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

CHIRP THE SECOND (SCENE II.): CALEB PLUMMER'S ABODE.

Mrs. Fielding casts a damper on the Christmas Eve festivities.

THE CLUBMAN.

Anglo-American Naval Manœuvres—German Garrison Life—Duels.

THE President of the United States really seriously considered in Council the proposition made that Great Britain should be asked to allow her fleet in the Caribbean Sea to manœuvre against the American fleet in those waters in mimic war, and that he did so shows what a tactful and courteous figure-head he is to his State, for, as a fighting-man, he must know that nothing would be more likely to strain the present friendship between the Navies of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers than to order them to indulge in sham fights, and that therefore they are impossible. When our own Navy sends two fleets to sea, and cruiser meets cruiser in blue water, and the torpedo-catchers play at hide-and-seek along the coasts, and finally the iron monsters fight a marine Armageddon in mid-ocean, the talk on board ship in the ward-room and gun-room messes, and, later on, in

splendid Services and two proud nations was concerned! It is often difficult in land sham-fights to keep bayonets in their sheaths when the blood of regiments is up, and, if British cruiser met American cruiser equally matched, there would not be a man on board either who would not long for the joy of real battle, which is not a good feeling to stir up between cousins.

Reading the novel concerning German garrison-life, for the writing of which the author has gone to prison for six months, I was struck by the lack of sport and amusement in the life of the German officer in a frontier garrison compared with that of our officers under somewhat similar circumstances, and what a means of salvation sport is in keeping young officers out of mischief. In the typical frontier German garrison-town, lawn-tennis is the only recreation and exercise which the officers obtain when they are off duty, and lawn-tennis has only come into favour since the present Emperor encouraged the tennis tournaments at Homburg and gave a championship cup for officers of the Army. In any frontier-station of India, and in the



REVIVAL OF "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY" (BY J. M. BARRIE) AT THE ST. JAMES'S (DEC. 7):

SKETCHES AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL BY RALPH CLEAVER.

the Service Clubs, is never very complimentary to the intelligence of the umpires, whose decisions are accepted but always grumbled at.

If the Admiral of one fleet and every officer serving under him are quite sure that in actual warfare they would have blown out of the water the two leading vessels of their opponent's fleet, and that opponent is equally sure that his leading ships would have given good account of themselves while he cut his adversary's line and captured all his slow ships, and if argument waxed hot on the subject between brother officers of the same nation, what discussion there would be if an American and British fleet met on the high seas and each Admiral in command claimed, as of course he must, a decisive victory! Every naval expert of both nations would write to prove that, if the guns had been shot, there would be no ships left of the country of which he is not a citizen.

The United States and her citizens are, and always should be, our very good friends, and, therefore, we ought to be careful not to put any strain on that friendship. The yacht-races for the America Cup have not always been the pleasant contests they are when such a genial sportsman as Sir Thomas Lipton sends a boat to sail for the trophy, and, if a mere pleasure-contest has brought charges of sharp practice from one side, and retaliatory assertions from the other that the vanquished do not know how to take a beating pleasantly, what recriminations might not a contest bring in which the honour of two

dullest little camp in South Africa, there are always cricket, with cocoa-nut matting for a "pitch," and polo, and athletic sports, and a gymkhana race-meeting, and there are not the scandals which form part of German garrison-life. It is a point scored against those over-zealous reformers who despaired of the British officers because they played cricket in the Transvaal on the days they were not fighting the Boers.

I should not be surprised if this novel which brought its author to a court-martial killed the duel in Germany, for one of the truest and most damaging episodes in the book is the sitting of a Court of Honour which forces two men with no real quarrel to fight. When one of them, determined, since he has to fight a duel, that it shall be no farce, asks that the distance shall be short, he is told to mind his own business, and the distance is made so great that one or the other can only be hurt by accident. The duel is fought, and the two men go to prison in a fortress for fighting it, but honour is satisfied.

It is not, however, always safe to put two men who do not wish to hurt one another opposite each other with weapons in their hands, as was shown by one of the latest duels in Paris, in which the combatants were armed with swords, as being less likely to give a serious wound than pistols. Neither man could fence, and one of them ran upon his opponent's sword and really killed himself. Duelling seems to be always in the air in France.

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 Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
 same risk.

Dec. 9, 1903.

Signature.....

THE RICHTER CONCERT.

RICHTER'S last Concert at the Queen's Hall, under the direction
 of Mr. Alfred Schultz-Curtius, his band being that known as the
 "Hallé Orchestra," brought to London from Manchester, was
 in some respects extremely interesting. Certainly this Orchestra played
 very well; but in recent days we have heard so much chatter concerning
 its merits—chatter that incidentally reflects upon anything in the way
 of orchestral combinations that London can produce—that the critic
 has to own, with a sorrowful sort of triumph, that the impression made
 by this concert was not in every respect favourable. Dr. Elgar
 may say if he pleases that Manchester is a more musical centre
 than the West-End of London; but Dr. Richter will have to
 work very hard and his band will have to labour with much
 more enthusiasm than they now seem to possess before they
 can touch the superlative excellence of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, as
 conducted by Mr. Henry Wood. The very long Wagner programme
 which was played by Richter on this occasion was, of course, extremely
 interesting, and the interpretation throughout, under such a man,
 must needs have been always artistic, and at times even splendid.
 Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies and Madame Marie Brema were the vocalists of
 the evening, and sang with distinction. By far the best bit of playing
 throughout the whole concert was to be found in the rendering of
 the final pages of the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung."

Miss Winifred Christie's Recital at the St. James's Hall on
 Thursday of last week proved her to be a pianist of exceptional
 promise. She has had a highly successful career at the Royal
 Academy of Music, where she gained the Liszt Scholarship, and many
 of her fellow-pupils were among her appreciative audience. Miss
 Christie's choice of pieces for her programme was a wise one, since in
 Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's "Orgel Konzert" (its first performance
 in England) she greatly distinguished herself, while her playing of
 Brahms, Chopin, Smetana, Beringer, and Liszt showed a rare
 appreciation and understanding of the composers' meaning.

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 fashions of the circulating library, but to the great standards themselves—to Tolstoy, to
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 at some of the scenes she portrays, so instinct with life do they seem."—TO-DAY.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IT is a striking sign of the improved relations now existing between England and France that the King will, in February next, spend two or three weeks on the Riviera. As yet, nothing official has been announced, and at the British Embassy in Paris they profess to know nothing whatever about it. But, for all that, the matter has been fully discussed, and a gentleman attached to the Court has told some of his friends in Paris that

King Edward, who was always very fond, as Prince of Wales, of spending the early spring in the South of France, will almost certainly visit the Riviera in the New Year. But the journey will be undertaken in the strictest incognito, and the King will not stop in Paris either going or coming.

The little Prince often accompanies his lovely mother to England, for the two sisters are fondly attached to one another and manage to spend a considerable portion of each year together.

An Interesting New Engagement.

Very interesting to smart Society is the newest engagement, that of Miss Gladys Palmer, the pretty young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer, and Mr. Bertram Brooke, son of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak. The young couple are each singularly blessed in their mothers. Mrs. Walter Palmer is one of the great musical hostesses of the day, each Season both those singers and violinists who have "arrived" and those who are only on the threshold of fame being heard in her beautiful drawing-room. She is a clever, cultivated woman, and an intimate friend of Mr. George Meredith. The Ranee of Sarawak was the first English lady who took up the delightful hobby of gem and jewel making. Her enamel pendants and brooches are exceedingly lovely, and some of her work in this direction is thought by experts to be as good as that of the great Lalique, who first revived this form of miniature art.

His Majesty in Marble Halls.

It would now be inappropriate for Lord Iveagh to sing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," for with him it is now no dream, but a reality. At any rate, he has added one marble hall to his Suffolk seat, Elveden Hall, just in time for the King's visit. This hall, which is more than thirty yards long and has many columns, is built entirely of marble and has copper doors of extraordinary magnificence. Lord Iveagh bought Elveden from Prince Duleep Singh, and, as it was not large enough, he built a sort of replica of it close by, and now this marble hall joins together what were really two houses. There are few better sporting estates in East Anglia than Elveden, and it is frequently honoured with Royal visits.

A Royal Tourist.

Princess Louise Augusta, the younger daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, has left for a tour in the East. She is attended by the Hon. Mary Hughes, and they will be joined at Marseilles by the Hon. Alexander Yorke, who, with the King's approval, will act as Equerry to Her Highness during the tour. Mr. Yorke is going to Ceylon partly, at any rate, for the benefit of his health. Princess Louise Augusta, whose marriage with Prince Aribert of Anhalt was dissolved some three years ago by joint request, on account of a new family law of that ducal house, is a charming and popular Princess who has already become a valuable assistant in her mother's many charitable works. Her graceful presence and winning smile give distinction to the dullest of bazaars.

The Duchess of Westminster.

Now that the Duke of Westminster has returned from South Africa, it is probable that the Duchess will gather together an exceptionally brilliant house-party for Christmas at Eaton Hall. It may be doubted whether any wearer of the strawberry-leaves has greater social gifts than this young hostess, who both in her splendid Cheshire home and at Grosvenor House is especially fortunate, from the hostess point of view. Like her sister, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Westminster has inherited from her lovely and witty mother many exceptional social gifts. She can sing and play most charmingly, and, as a girl, was said to be the best talker among the débutantes of her year. Though she was known as Miss Sheila Cornwallis-West, her real name was Constance, and she has adopted that more stately appellation as her own since her marriage. She and the Duke are both devoted to their baby-girl, who strongly resembles her little cousin, the stalwart young Prince of Pless.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Lady Avebury. Lady Avebury, who is her famous husband's second wife, has a double claim to the interest of those who care for science, for her own father, the late General Pitt-Rivers, was one of the most remarkable of amateur scientists and zoologists, and her brother, Mr. St. George Fox-Pitt, has made a great name for himself among mechanical engineers. When not in town, Lord and Lady Avebury inhabit a delightful old house, High Elms, at Down, in Kent, and, though within easy distance of London, it is situated in a beautiful and wild stretch of country. Lady Avebury, who is devoted to her group of stalwart little sons, has in her boudoir a delightful portrait of her youngest-born, painted in the style of a painting done by Sir Thomas Lawrence of her own great-uncle as a child. In the boudoir also is hung a series of water-colours by Lady Avebury's brother, Mr. Douglas Fox-Pitt. The mistress of High Elms has long been a discriminating collector of valuable bric-à-brac and she has much priceless beautiful old china.

It is rumoured that, when certain formalities have been completed, Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly will be appointed Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in succession to the late Count Deym. Certainly it would be impossible for the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph to find a better representative in this country. Count Mensdorff is, in fact, King Edward's second-cousin, being descended from the Duchess of Kent's eldest sister, Princess Sophie, who married Emmanuel, Count Mensdorff-Pouilly; he is also related either by blood or by marriage to the reigning Houses of Russia, Belgium, and Portugal, and to the House of Orleans. It is significant, too, that he was one of the intimate group of relatives and friends whom their Majesties invited to Sandringham for the actual celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday.

Count Mensdorff is, in addition to his advantages of birth, an exceptionally able diplomatist, and in his forty-two years of existence he has had an unusual amount of experience. After serving in the Austrian Foreign Office for a time, he was appointed to the Paris Embassy, being transferred to London in 1889, where he has been ever since, with the exception of a year in St. Petersburg. No other foreign diplomatist has the same position in English Society as Count Mensdorff. He is indispensable for country house-parties, especially when Royalty is to be there—as, for instance, at Chatsworth next month—and he is an important member of such Clubs as the Marlborough, the Turf, and the Travellers', and, of course, that haunt of diplomatists, the St. James's. He possesses an extraordinary number of Orders and decorations, and is, indeed, a Knight in almost every country in Europe. From King Edward he has received the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, and he is one of the Emperor Francis Joseph's Chamberlains. It is not generally known, by the way, that his only sister is married to the great Hungarian statesman, Count Albert Apponyi, whose name has occurred frequently in the papers of late in connection with the political crisis in the Dual Monarchy.

Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have received many expressions of sympathy on the news of Prince Arthur's attack of dysentery at Krugersdorp. The young Prince, who will be twenty-one next January, is as keen a soldier as his father and is determined to be

no "carpet knight." It will be remembered that last year he was created a Knight of the Garter by the King, together with the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Albany), whose ultimate heir he will be if there should be no sons born at Coburg. No one, probably, would regret such an eventuality more than Prince Arthur himself, for he is entirely English, was educated at Eton, and is genuinely popular in his regiment, the 7th Hussars.

The Royal Fiancé. Another officer of the 7th Hussars, Prince Alexander of Teck, was to have gone out to join his regiment this month, but it is understood that he will now remain in England for his marriage to Princess Alice of Albany. He has been staying a good deal at Claremont, and his future mother-in-law has endeared herself afresh to the inhabitants of Esher by sending out cards for a reception in January. The happy couple will, of course, be present at this function. Prince Alexander will not leave the Army after his marriage. He is extremely fond of his profession, and served, it will be remembered, in the South African War as aide-de-camp to Colonel Mahon, winning the Distinguished Service Order.

The manager of the Theatre Royal at Athens has had the brilliant idea of reproducing the plays of Æschylus on the stage of to-day, but, as he knew that very few people in modern Greece understand classical Greek, he brought the author up to date by translating his verses into Romaic, or the Greek of to-day. But he reckoned without the students of the capital, who study the ancient language and who resent fiercely any attempt to alter the words of one of the glories of Greece. The result of his enterprise was to bring about a riot, and last week the cavalry had to charge a group who were trying to force their way into the theatre with the intention of creating a disturbance. There is a large party in Greece which desires to drop all the Turkish, Slav, and Italian words in the modern Greek language and to revert as nearly as possible to the speech of

ancient Greece, and this tampering with the text of Æschylus has, it seems, roused them to fury.

The Lord Mayor Among the Scots. The pride of the exiled Scots in their countrymen being proverbial, Sir James Ritchie was lauded and applauded when he presided at the St. Andrew's Day banquet of the Royal Scottish Corporation. Seldom, if ever, except in the case of Royal Dukes, have brothers occupied the chair at these feasts. This, however, is the record of the brothers Ritchie. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer presided in 1888.

A Popular Archdeacon. There is no Scot more popular among his countrymen in London than Archdeacon Sinclair. The Archdeacon enjoys the Scottish dinners and concerts. How he delights to read the roll of Scots in high places and how the names are cheered! Although the Archdeacon was born in Leeds and his father was a Prebendary of the English Church, the home of his ancestors is in Caithness and he belongs to the London Caithness Association. He is a cousin of Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair of Ulbster, and five generations of that family have represented Caithness-shire, the present member for which county is Mr. Leicester Harmsworth.



LADY AVEBURY AND HER SONS, THE HONS. HAROLD, ERIC, AND MAURICE FOX-PITT.

Photograph by J. Thomson.

Lady Amherst. Lady Amherst, of whom we publish a charming portrait, has one of the most beautiful country homes in the kingdom, "Montreal," near Sevenoaks, situated in the "Garden of England." She and Lord Amherst are very fond of sport



THE COUNTESS AMHERST.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

and of all country pursuits, and when not on their English estate they generally spend some months each year in Scotland, and so are very little in London.

The Kaiser at Monaco? It is said in France that the German Emperor may pay a long visit to the Prince of Monaco in the latter's wonderful old Castle. This historic home of the Grimaldis is the oldest inhabited Palace in Europe, and wise visitors to Monte Carlo always make a point of going over that portion of the Castle shown to tourists. As the Kaiser is a great novel-reader, a stay in the old Palace would certainly gain added interest from its having been the scene of old Dumas' delightful romance, "La Princesse de Monaco." It will be curious to note, should the Emperor decide on staying there, what attitude His Imperial Majesty will take to the gambling-rooms—whether he will keep sternly away from the flowery suburb of Monaco, or whether, on the other hand, he will study humanity as seen at Monte Carlo.

A Royal Hostess. Lady Wolverton, who is the hostess this week of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is the only daughter of Georgiana, Lady Dudley, their Majesties' much-valued friend and constant guest. As Lady Edith Ward, Lady Wolverton was much with the Royal Family, and her wedding was attended by an exceptionally large number of Princely guests. Iwerne Minster, Lord Wolverton's splendid Dorset seat, contains more sporting trophies than does any other great country house, for, before his marriage, the Prince of Wales's host took part in some noteworthy big-game shooting expeditions.

Franco-Scottish Alliances. The death of the Earl of Stair, full of years and honours, is a reminder of how curiously the great families of Scotland and of France are linked together. For Lord Stair's wife was the daughter and heiress of the Duc de Coigny, son of that Duc de Coigny who played so prominent a part at the Court of Marie Antoinette. Moreover, this French Lady Stair had a Scottish mother, a daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton of Bargany, while her sister married the late Earl Manvers. Lady Stair succeeded to Bargany, a fine property with splendid woods, and at her death, seven years ago, it devolved on her second son, Colonel the Hon. North Dalrymple Hamilton, who also bears the name of de Coigny. He is a distinguished soldier, with a long string of war-services in Egypt and South Africa (he nearly died of his wounds at the Battle of Belmont), and he has not been much at Bargany, which is generally let.

A Venerable Peer. Lord Stair, though not the "Father" of the House of Lords, was high up among the octogenarians, for he was in his eighty-fourth year. He had lost an eye in a shooting accident a good many years ago, but, except for that, his health remained extraordinarily good to the end. His third son, the Hon. Hew Dalrymple, a man of scholarly tastes, was latterly his father's constant companion. Lord Stair was very fond of his Castle of Lochinch, in Wigtownshire, which he built himself in the 'seventies, appropriately enough in the Scoto-French baronial style of architecture. There is a lovely lake in the policies, and close by is a Dutch Garden originally laid out by the second Earl, who fought at Dettingen as second in command under King George II. Lord Stair's death places at Mr. Balfour's disposal for recommendation to the King a Knighthood of the Thistle and the Lord-Lieutenancy of Wigtownshire. Lord Stair was born on April 1, and in 1899, on his eightieth birthday, he was entertained at a banquet by his tenants and friends. He made a most amusing speech, recalling his election for Wigtownshire, by a majority of six votes, fifty-eight years before.

The New Lord Stair. Viscount Dalrymple, who now becomes Lord Stair, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards. He married a daughter of Sir James Grant-Suttie, and his only son, a Captain in the Scots Guards, served in the South African War.

An Unfortunate Accident. Lady Marjorie Greville and Lord Helmsley have been overwhelmed with sympathy in connection with the young bridegroom-elect's serious hunting accident. However, in these days a broken collar-bone is thought very little of among hunting-men, and doubtless by Jan. 19 Lord Helmsley will be quite well again and able to go through his part at the brilliant wedding, which is to be, apparently, a symphony in white and red, for Lady Marjorie's bridal-gown, of priceless lace and crêpe-de-Chine, will be set off by her bridesmaids' bright-red velvet caps and cloaks, while each will bear an original bridegroom's gift in the shape of a large white "grannie" muff.

The Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring. The Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring is one of the leaders of smart military Society, her husband, a brother of Lord Ashburton, being a distinguished officer in the Coldstream Guards. The name of Baring is borne by two



THE HON. MRS. GUY BARING.

Photograph by J. Thomson.

Peers, Lord Revelstoke and Lord Ashburton, and, as each of them has many brothers, great is the confusion caused by the number of distinguished Barings in Society.

Mr. Starr Wood. The spirit of burlesque, although practically dead as far as the theatre is concerned, still thrives within the walls of the London Sketch Club. One of the most ardent supporters of this genial form of entertainment is Mr. Starr Wood, the well-known black-and-white artist. On this page I have pleasure in presenting a portrait of Starr Wood as "The Recorder" of the Sketch Club, a part that he played at the recent house-warming with marked success.

A New Weather Prophet. The prophetic mantle of the late Dr. Falb has been assumed by M. Julien Capré, who has been kind enough to foretell a month of December much less miserable than the months which have preceded it. So far, he has been successful, for he prophesied fine weather with north-easterly winds over Western Europe for the first week of the month, with improving weather up to the 10th. From the 11th to the 14th there will be a period of low pressures, and from the 16th to the 18th westerly winds will prevail. Then from the 20th to the end of the month there will be high pressures over Western Europe, with fine and clear but very cold weather. The prevailing winds will be north and north-east, and the period of high pressures will continue to the 2nd of January. From this it will be seen that M. Capré is by no means so pessimistic a prophet as Dr. Falb was, and it is to be hoped that he will be even more successful in his forecasts.

Physical Culture. The Albert Hall, Leeds, was crowded one evening a week or two ago, when the semi-final of the "World's Beauty Contest" was decided. An American physical culturist has, it seems, offered prizes of two hundred pounds each for "the most perfectly developed man and the most beautifully proportioned woman on earth," and preliminary competitions have been decided during the last two or three months in various parts of the United Kingdom, with the object of choosing possible British competitors to take part in the final contest in Madison Hall, New York, on the 28th inst. Five ladies appeared on the platform at Leeds, each clad in more or less classical costume and mounted on a pedestal composed of a "ginger-beer box covered with green baize." The result was that Miss Annie Oxley, of Sheffield, and Miss Gertrude Perkins, of Leeds, were adjudged first and second respectively. To enable them to meet the American beauties, their first-class saloon fares (return) will be paid to New York and hotel expenses during their stay defrayed.

Ten masculine competitors from various parts of England and Scotland also appeared on the platform and were "judged in two batches." The judges took their duties seriously, handling the men and nodding and frowning after the approved fashion at Horse Shows. However, when all "points" had been duly noted and appraised, the competitors were

pronounced a "likely lot," and Mr. W. E. Clements, of Leicester, and Mr. D. T. Cooper, of Birmingham, secured first and second awards. Mr. Clements is a Londoner by birth and was at one time a gymnastic and fencing instructor in the 2nd Dragoon Guards ("Queen's Bays"). Mr. Cooper is a bigger and heavier man than his rival, but, in the opinion of the judges, not quite so well proportioned. The other competitors were all good types of athletic manhood.



MR. STARR WOOD AS "THE RECORDER" OF THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

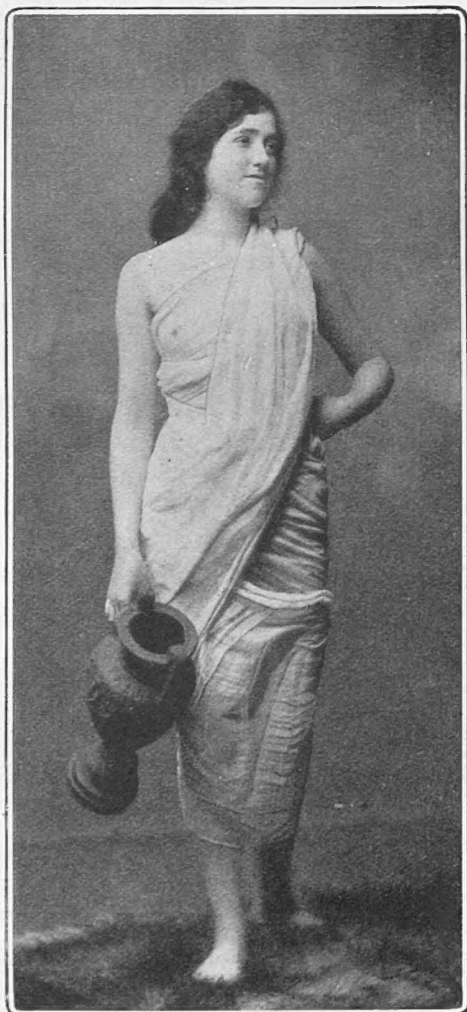
Photograph by Moyse, Putney.

The Rennes Court-Martial.

The revival of the Dreyfus Case has set men wondering what has become of the members of the Court-Martial which sat at Rennes in 1899. All the officers are still alive. Colonel Jouast, the President, has retired from the Army, but is attached to the Engineer Staff of the Reserve; Lieutenant-Colonel Brongniart is with the 20th Regiment of Artillery at Poitiers; Major Lancrau de Bréon has retired, but is attached to the dépôt of the 26th Regiment of Artillery; Captain Parfait and Captain Beauvais are with the 7th Regiment at Rennes; Captain Profflet is serving as Chief of the Staff to the General attached to the Maritime Prefecture at Rochefort; and Captain Merle has been sent to the Office of Works at Douai.

The Clock of the Bastille.

The old clock which used to stand in the Bastille before the fortress was destroyed in the French Revolution is still in a good state of preservation, but is lying in a loft over a factory in St. Denis. The clock was made in 1761, and when the Bastille was destroyed, in 1789, it mysteriously disappeared, except the case, which was shattered by the bullets of the mob. First of all, it was put in the district of Saint-Louis de la Culture, whence it was taken to the foundry of Romilly-sur-Andelle, whose proprietor had agreed with the Government to melt the bells. There the clock lay until 1896, when M. Dupré-Neuvy bought the clock and its chimes and exhibited them in the Exhibition of 1900. But, amid so much that was new, the public took no notice of the old clock, which was finally hidden away in the loft in which it now lies.



MISS ANNIE OXLEY, WINNER OF THE PHYSICAL BEAUTY CONTEST AT LEEDS (NOV. 19).

Photographs by G. V. Yates, Sheffield.



The *Pelican Christmas Annual* contains all those special features which have made it so acceptable to players and playgoers. Mr. Frank Boyd has not yet secured that long-looked-for story from Mr. George Edwardes, but it is pleasant to learn that the busy manager has got the title for one *somewhere*, so will, no doubt, be in time for next year's Annual. However, most of our leading actors and actresses contribute stories or verses, grave and gay, in most cases accompanied by the writer's portrait. Among the best tales are "A Barber-ous Story," by Mr. Frank Curzon; "A Derby Fiasco," by Mr. Arthur Collins; "My Critical Dresser," by Mr. Arthur Bouchier; and "Why the Play was not Produced," by Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

*Three Brilliant
Young Artists.*

Mr. C. H. Shannon, who shares his surname with the popular "A.R.A.," will, his friends hope, live to see himself hailed as the greatest of our decorative painters. His work is in close sympathy with that of many artists belonging to the most advanced school of Continental art,



MISS BLANCHE RING, AN AMERICAN COMIC OPERA "STAR" NOW IN LONDON.

while at the same time retaining its English character. He is one of the most enthusiastic upholders of the New English Art Club and of the International. Yet another delightful artist is the Welshman, Mr. Augustus John, whose work sums up in itself all the imaginative and poetic qualities of the Celtic temperament. He is one of the glories of the Slade School, and since he left that famous forcing-ground of young artistic talent he has been a constant exhibitor at the New English Art Club. Mr. Orpen and Mr. John are both taking a prominent part in the organisation of the new Chelsea Art School, which hopes to give a more complete training in modern methods and ideas than is at present available in London. Mr. Orpen is also a Celt, for he is a son of the Emerald Isle. Three of his pictures hang on the line in the Dudley Gallery, perhaps the most notable of his exhibits being the fine portrait of Mr. George Moore. Old-fashioned critics would probably call his methods impressionist, and he is becoming very well known among those who delight in seeing themselves immortalised in a sincere and unconventional manner; he is also essentially what all good artists long to be—that is, "a painter's painter."

An Original Artist. True originality is now far to seek. Mr. Conder, who has revived the eighteenth-century art of fan-painting, achieves it in all his work, as those who have lately found time to visit the Dutch Gallery will readily admit. Mr. Conder, till lately, was really better known in Paris than in London; he has long

been an enthusiastic supporter of the New Salon, and in this country he has constantly exhibited at the New Art Club and the International.

*A Bride of the
Year.*

The Hon. Mrs. Manningham-Buller is one of the most beautiful of this year's brides, her marriage to Captain Manningham-Buller having taken place last July. As Miss Lilah Cavendish, the only surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Chesham, she was much admired for her fair, typically English beauty. She is passionately fond of riding and driving, in both of which she excels. At Latimer, her father's fine seat in Bucks, she had a most curious and interesting "black farm"—the very antithesis of Lady Alington's "white farm" at Crichel, for every creature on it had to be black, horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, goats, even the cats! Miss Cavendish was married at Latimer, the church being actually in the park, and little Prince George of Teck, the bride's cousin, was one of the pages, Princess Mary of Teck being a bridesmaid.

Sir Gilbert Parker is the best-known of the novelists in the House of Commons, but there are others. For instance, Mr. Reginald Lucas, a slim and elegant young man who was formerly private secretary to the chief Government Whip, has written "Felix Dorrien" and other novels. These novelists will be reinforced on the Conservative side, if Mr. Thomas Shaw is defeated in the Border-Burghs, by Sir Conan Doyle. Liberalism boasts a novelist among its candidates in the person of the author of "The Four Feathers." Mr. Mason is a ready speaker, and he is not new to this phase of the world, for he acted as a political agent in 1895. "Anthony Hope," as is well known, stood unsuccessfully as a Gladstonian.



THE HON. MRS. M. E. MANNINGHAM-BULLER

Photograph by J. Thomson.

*The Lady
"Station-master."*

Mrs. Merwood occupies a unique position amongst women workers. The fair sex have invaded many spheres that until the last few years were believed to be sacred to the "mere man," but, probably, no one ever thought that railway work, particularly in its higher grades, was a field in which women could successfully compete with men. Yet for more than a decade now Mrs. Merwood has successfully filled the position of "Station-master" at Whippingham, the pretty little wayside station on the Isle of Wight Railway that lies between Newport and Cowes. Mrs. Merwood is not only "Station-master," but booking-clerk, porter, gate-keeper, collector, and "signalman" as well, and does much towards keeping trim and neat the pretty station-garden. She was well known to the late Queen Victoria. Since the College for Naval Cadets was established at Osborne, Mrs. Merwood's work has very largely increased.

Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Swinburne has happily got over his very serious illness in a satisfactory way. His excellent constitution and his healthy habit of open-air exercise have stood him in good stead. He has now completed his great study of the Elizabethan drama, the results of which have been appearing in instalments for some years. The book, when it appears, will be recognised as a monument of erudition and critical power—as a book which no one but Mr. Swinburne could have written. Under all Mr. Swinburne's brilliant and picturesque critical work there is a solid basis of immense labour and unrivalled scholarship.



MRS. MERWOOD, THE LADY "STATION-MASTER" AND "SIGNALMAN" AT WHIPPINGHAM, ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

It seems almost incredible that even fifteen years ago, when—here be kind enough to see me, in imagination, bowing gracefully to the fair readers of *The Sketch*—you were all in the school-room, theatre-going Paris should have raged and



MADAME RÉJANE IN HER PARISIAN HOME.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

stormed against the de Goncourts' "Germinie Lacerteux" because it was improper. Improper to our twentieth-century minds, trained to a course of problem-plays, it certainly is not, but it is a sordid and a grim performance, pitiless in its realism, as hopelessly and uncompromisingly true a picture of low life as Zola's "Germinal" was.

Réjane is wonderful. From her red-armed appearance in Act I., throughout the eight of the ten chapters in the sordid story—for "Germinie Lacerteux" is a story in ten chapters, not a play—in which she appears, the actress, by sheer truth of personation, holds one in grip, and, as the authors evidently wished, compels our sympathy, in spite of any notions as to strict morality with which we took our places. You know the story—that is to say, you don't, for who remembers classics nowadays?

Mdlle. de Varandeuil, a sweet little old maid (played with an admirable simplicity and grace by Madame Daynes-Grassot), believes implicitly in Germinie; her maid, who is a "treasure." Germinie loves the old lady with an affection that has something dog-like in it; and then she falls in love with a scamp, several years younger than herself, and her love ruins her. Each chapter shows the poor woman one step lower on the path to hell, until she dies in hospital and goes—no one can doubt it—straight to heaven. And, through it all, her dear old mistress knows no harm of Germinie, and when she does learn the sad truth, after a momentary fit of temper, she forgives. That is the story. Not a play, as you will see, but just a little piece of life drawn straight from Nature.

I have not space in these short notes to go into details, and some of them would be impossible for any but the pen of genius to describe; but let me pay a tribute to Madame Réjane. She was applauded while the play was hooted at the Odéon fifteen years ago. On Wednesday, at the Vaudeville, she was so marvellously true to life that we were voiceless and could only gulp the tears down, and in the dinner-party scene, when the five children cluster round and kiss her and go to say good-night to Mademoiselle, her raucous "When those innocents embraced me, I felt as if I must wipe their rosy mouths," went straight to every heart in the theatre.

ROME.

Many hundreds of Italians—and foreigners, too, for that matter—have suffered keen disappointment this week through the great State Lottery, or "Jombola." For months past, yellow tickets, marked with squares ten in number, have been sold at all the street-corners, in the market-squares, and in the public buildings. Each ticket cost one lira, each ticket offered its purchaser an off-chance of winning fifty thousand lire. But to win this prize each square of the ten had to contain one of the forty-five successful numbers. It was instructive and amusing to note the contrast in mien, in gait, in countenance, and conversation between those proceeding to and those returning from the lottery.

Pope Pius X., though Pontifex Maximus, has no small sense of humour. He laughs and jokes with all, he remains ever the same human, natural man that he has been all his life. Only this last week some Sisters of Charity were waiting to be presented amidst a host of pilgrims to His Holiness. They expected to be allowed to pass in front of the Pope and kiss his hand in turn. Imagine their surprise when the Pope conversed with each.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU "CHRISTUS."

One of the most picturesque survivals of a bygone age is the "Passion Play" presented in the quaint little mountain-village of Ober-Ammergau in Upper Bavaria. Some two hundred and fifty years ago, the villagers, in dread of a plague then raging, vowed that every ten years they would meet together and represent the expiatory sufferings of Christ—"The Passion"—and ever since that day the vow has been kept. Many people from all parts of the world have journeyed to Ober-Ammergau to witness the play, and it was generally acknowledged that Josef Mayr, the "Christ" of 1870, 1880, and 1890, was an admirable representative of the Saviour. Tall, well-knit, with flowing hair, moustache, and beard, his noble bearing and majestic melancholy left a vivid impression on all who saw him. Josef Mayr will be seen in the play no more, for he has just passed away; to the sorrow of his fellow-villagers. In 1900 a new Christus had arisen, in the person of Anton Lang, and Josef Mayr appeared as "Choragus," or "Proclamator." It is in this rôle that our photograph represents him.



THE LATE JOSEF MAYR AS "CHORAGUS" IN THE OBER-AMMERGAU "PASSION PLAY."

Photograph by Leo Schweyer, Stuttgart.

MEN OF MARK: SOME NOTABLE PAINTERS.

(FOR PARTICULARS SEE PAGE 265.)



MR. CHARLES SHANNON.
Photograph by Beresford.



MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN.
Photograph by Beresford.



MR. W. ORPEN.
Photograph by Beresford.



MR. C. CONDER
Photograph by W. Barnett.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE LOWER DEPTHS"—"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"—"MRS. OAKLEIGH."

EVERYONE seems to have formed, or, at least, expressed, the opinion that "The Lower Depths" is not a play, and therefore is entitled to censure, and perhaps it is deemed that the Stage Society committed some sort of impropriety in producing it. No doubt, a magistrate would decide that it is a stage-play, without, however, dealing with the real question. On the other hand, all would agree that "The Cricket on the Hearth," as presented at the Garrick, is a play. Yet, probably, few grown-up people would deny that "The Lower Depths" has far greater claims to be regarded as a work of art than the Dickens-cum-Boucicault-cum-pantomime affair that was received with enthusiasm. Indeed, the latter, except in a very humble sense of the term, can hardly be called art at all, whilst the Gorki piece, whether a play or not, shows certain qualities of truth, sincerity, and fitness of expression which give it the right to be called a really valuable work of art. Such a conclusion seems absurd, and suggests that we use the terms "play," "drama," and the like too narrowly. The word "novel" is employed very widely: such a rambling, plotless, discursive, beautiful book as Richter's "Fruit, Flower, and Thorn Pieces," such a transcendental, philosophising mystery as "Seraphita Seraphetus," such a jog-trot collection of whim-whams as "Tristram Shandy," a politico-economical treatise like "News from Nowhere," and a plain piece of blood-and-thunder like "The Mystery of a Hansom-Cab" are all classed as novels.

Why, then, should we take so restricted a view in regard to the stage? In some respects, we accept a fairly wide range: the musical go-as-you-please, the miracle-play "Everyman," historical drama, symbolical plays, philosophic tragedy, brawling knockabout farce, even strange hodge-podge of Christmas pantomime, are within the fold, but not "The Lower Depths." Why? I fancy that the reproach really involves a charge not properly indicated by its terms. Probably if the Stage Society work had ended with the third Act, though we should all have grumbled at being left in ignorance as to what happened afterwards—or, indeed, even at the actual fall of the curtain, for that was obscure—its right to be called a play would have been admitted. Yet, obviously, the last Act is essential. No doubt, errors have been committed, and tricks have been played on the audience for which the author ought to suffer, and does. He led us on to the wrong track, caused us to think that his thrilling episode of melodrama—a remarkable, strong, skilful episode—was the "hub" of the play, and it was almost impudent, having thus tricked us, to throw aside the game so brutally as not even to tell us what happened to the people involved in it.

There was, however, a drama in the piece, a curious, subdued, reticent drama of idea, and of an idea that one would not expect in the work of such a writer. It is hidden, one may say, ostentatiously, as if the author were ashamed of his semi-optimism. Among the sad collection of shreds and tatters of life who herd—pig, indeed—together in the night-refuge comes a quaint little philanthropic, philosophic tramp, caressing in manner and voice, who preaches a doctrine of respect for oneself and kindness to others. He has a curious common-sense, and an even more curious spirit of compromise with truth. He preaches—"teaches" seems fairer—the view of life that appears to suit the particular individual without regard to its absolute truth. His system is a kind of glorified opportunism. The refuge-house is the scene of the strange discussions as to the meaning of life which, if the Russian novelists write truly, are typical of the Russians above the Moujik class. The old man has accommodating, varying explanations, and they do good, but all, as a basis, have a doctrine of self-respect and unselfishness. The fourth Act shows the outcome. The old man has gone, gone to Little Russia to investigate a new religion; some of the other wastrels are left. His teachings have borne flower, but not fruit. Perhaps, had he stayed longer, some of his temporary disciples would have got on to firm ground.

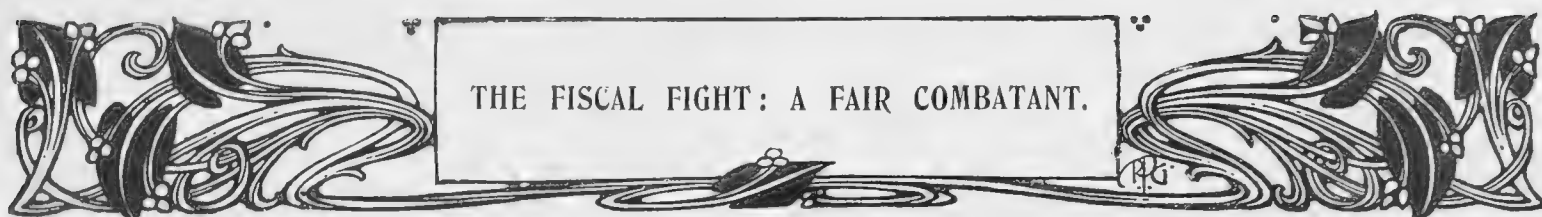
This poor effort to look into the piece does injustice, since it ignores the fact that, whilst the element of story is slight, "The Lower Depths" is rich in atmosphere, very rich in character, and in character drawn not from study of life as displayed on the stage, but as really existing in the world. Gorki's rough, strong figures may not be fitted with nice art into a dramatic composition, and it must seem wasteful to many people that they are not employed in developing some vigorous intrigue, but each in himself presents a little drama handled very skilfully. It should be remembered that the tendency of the stage must

be towards picture-painting rather than story-telling. Every play, in a sense, makes the next more difficult, from the story-telling point of view. Even putting aside programme-pieces, one sees an analogous tendency in music. It would be idle to pretend that the Gorki piece in essence is a very great or very judicious departure. It has certain fruitless audacities. "Down with everything" is a bad basis for construction, and clearly the author could have obtained his effects even though he had done more in arranging or composing. Still, the fact remains that the piece was deeply interesting, though, no doubt, the last Act fell rather flat, not so much because of what was in it as on account of certain omissions. No audience could be expected, and I think no critic is entitled, to excuse the utter silence as to the fate and fortune of Vassilisa, Satine, and Natasha.

It had—one might almost say, of course—the quality of stimulating the players. Half-a-dozen, at least, acted better than ever before. Here are some names: Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Miss Malyon, and Miss Haidée Wright; Messrs. Holthoir, Farren Soutar, Conway Tearle, A. E. George, Fisher White. All of them offered vivid, strong, highly characteristic work. Mrs. Theodore Wright had not full scope for her powers. Mr. James Welch—doomed, alas, as a rule, to farce or eccentric comedy—gave a beautiful, poetic air to the character of the nomad philosopher, a part admirably drawn, exquisitely played.

"The Cricket on the Hearth"—Boucicault's version that Mr. Toole used to employ—appears likely to be one of the most successful of the holiday productions. There may be rather too much of the comic supper-party, but the fault is easily mended. The combination of ballet and domestic love-story seems rather queer, yet the audience accepted it enthusiastically. It is quite surprising to see how much of the famous story is transferred to the stage; nevertheless, one cannot help remarking that the efforts to add to Dickens's element of fun and humour are not wholly judicious: the play would gain if Tilly Slowboy did not see the old gentleman without his disguise in the first Act and his business of making mad gestures at her were abandoned in consequence. On the other hand, there appears to be a loss in the suppression of the discovery by Dot of her husband's suspicion and magnanimous determination. These, of course, are minor matters, and the fact remains that thousands of playgoers, particularly those of tender years, will be delighted by the entertainment. All will be enthusiastic concerning the superb performance of Mr. J. H. Barnes as John Peerybingle. Mr. Bouchier's Caleb Plummer is very clever, but he would be wise if he were to cease trying to look small by stooping; the result is rather painful to us—and doubtless to him. Miss Lizzie Webster's Tilly Slowboy, if a trifle too unrestrained, caused very hearty laughter. Naturally, Miss Jessie Bateman was charming as Dot, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh played pathetically as Bertha.

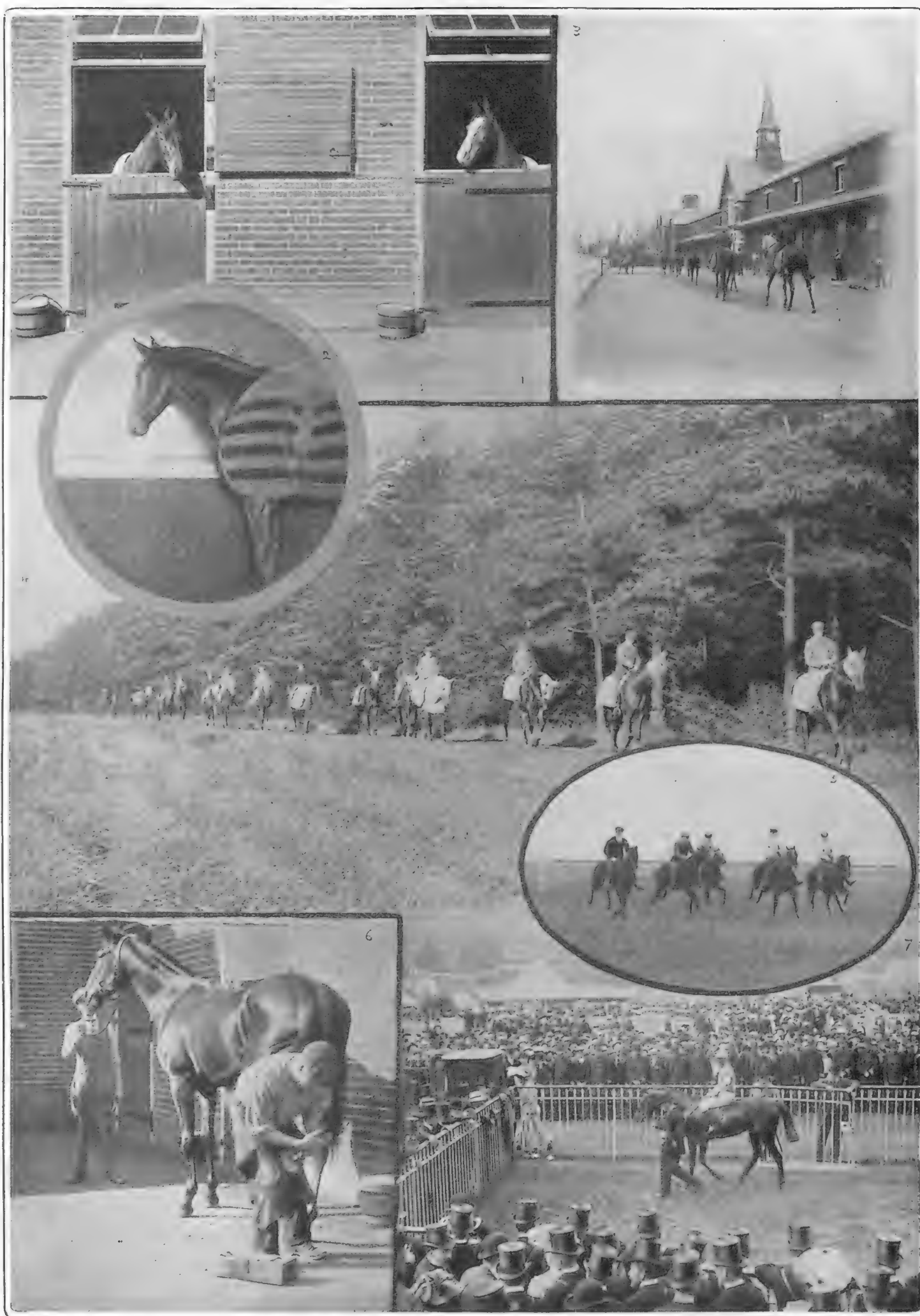
"Mrs. Oakleigh," the play by Lady Troubridge presented for one performance at the New Theatre, has a rather out-of-date flavour. The woman with several pasts who is regenerated by a pure passion has had her day and will not be in vogue again until someone can catch a quite new view of her. Moreover, the last Act of "La Dame aux Camélias" has been done too often to bear further repetition, and yet, unfortunately, very similar effects are aimed at in the new work. Consequently, despite some cleverness in construction, a general sense of the stage, and dialogue plausible and effective in the lighter scenes, the play seemed somewhat commonplace. This should not prevent the dramatist from trying again, for she shows a clear instinct for the stage, and, perhaps, rather too much knowledge of it, for her phrases become stagey in the important scenes, where the people talk in stereotyped language. The first Act is really clever and shows some nice touches of feminine humour, and it has a decidedly ingenious if rather artificial allurements scene. Apparently one object of the production was to give a chance to Miss Darragh, an actress hardly known in the West-End theatres, who played the principal part very ably. Those who complain of our dearth of players might ask themselves how it happens that an actress of her skill and natural gifts has been ignored. She has some unfortunate mannerisms, no doubt, but also real talent and individuality to outweigh them. Mr. Ben Webster, in a trying part of a lover weak in faith, acted very cleverly and with much effect. Mr. McKinnel played his one little scene ably. Miss May Pardoe presented a rather important but colourless character agreeably.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER,
WHO IS ABOUT TO RECITE IN LONDON A POEM IN SUPPORT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY,
ENTITLED "THE PLEDGE OF A BRITISHER."

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

THE LIFE OF A RACEHORSE: SOME TYPICAL SCENES.



1. "GOOD-MORNING!" 2. SOME BREAKFAST. 3. GOING OUT TO EXERCISE. 4. ON THE HEATH. 5. A GALLOP.
6. NEW BOOTS. 7. THE GREATEST MOMENT.

ART AND THE CAMERA: THE FIVE SENSES.



FEELING.
TASTING.

SEEING.

SMELLING.
HEARING.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

A PURE Cockney who rejoices in the fact that he was born well within the sound of Bow Bells is Sir Joseph Dimsdale, who has already enjoyed enough distinction to satisfy an ambitious man. That the future has, however, more gifts to bestow, no one who is acquainted with his career can have any doubt. The sturdy resoluteness of his character, combined with a great capacity for hard work, backed by an indomitable will and informed by a keen intelligence, is bound to make itself felt and to win a conspicuous reward even in that assembly of able men who sit on the green-covered benches of the House of Commons, to which Sir Joseph was elected three years ago as one of the Conservative members for the City of London.

In the City Sir Joseph may almost be said to have spent the best part of the fifty-four years of his life, as to its varied duties he has dedicated no small part of his time. It was, indeed, his love for the City which induced him to go in for civic life. That life does not cease with the Corporation proper, for he is much interested in the great City Companies, and was Master of the Grocers in 1885. In his year he had the distinction of conferring the freedom of the guild

lunch, Dr. Temple and little Miss May were missed, and, when-at length found in the drawing-room, the Head of the Church was seated in a chair by the fire, with the little maid on a footstool at his knee, and they were both laughing heartily, cracking jokes one against the other.

Sir Joseph's Lord Mayoralty was a more than ordinarily brilliant one, for in it were included the first appearance of the Prince of Wales as the bearer of that historic title, when His Royal Highness and the Princess visited the City after their memorable tour through the Empire, and the Coronation of the King and Queen, in which ceremonial Sir Joseph carried before the Sovereign the crystal sceptre of the City of London, one of the most famous of the City's possessions, as it is among the most historic pieces of regalia we have.

While the Lord Mayor is, during his year of office, entitled by courtesy to be addressed as "Right Honourable," Sir Joseph has that privilege by right, for he was accorded the high special honour of being sworn in as a Privy Councillor, by the favour of the Sovereign, who also conferred on him the dignity of "K.C.V.O." During his



Lady Dimsdale.

Sir Joseph Dimsdale.

A MEET OF THE ESSEX COURT HOUNDS AT "GOLDSMITHS," SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

on the late Lord Salisbury, the late Sir Donald Stewart, and Sir Herbert Macpherson, as well as of entertaining several Indian Princes.

Sir Joseph's career furnishes another conspicuous instance of the way in which men sprung from Quaker stock achieve eminence and importance. One of his ancestors went over with William Penn to the New World to make the famous treaty with the North American Indians, and, although Sir Joseph himself is no longer of the Society of Friends, for he is a Churchman, his aunt, Elizabeth Gurney Dimsdale, is still a member of the Society.

It has been said that Sir Joseph is a Cockney. More than that, he was born over his father's bank in Cornhill, and into that business, the firm then being Dimsdale, Fowler, and Barnard, he was taken as a partner as soon as he attained his majority. When he was twenty-four, he married Miss Beatrice Holdsworth, the daughter of Mr. R. H. Holdsworth, in whom he has found that ideal companionship so often written about and so seldom found. Sir Joseph and Lady Dimsdale have had six children, but the greedy hand of Death has snatched three from them, with the result that among the survivors there are apparent gaps of years. The baby of the household, May Dimsdale, is a little girl of ten who always says grace at meals. She is, perhaps, the only child who can say she has officiated in this way when the Archbishop of Canterbury was present at table. This happened during the period of Sir Joseph's Lord Mayoralty, in 1901 and 1902. After

year at the Mansion House, Sir Joseph entertained many notabilities, among them Count Kumatsu, the special envoy to the Coronation of their Majesties of the Emperor of Japan, who brought as a gift from his Imperial master the Knight Commandership of the Rising Sun, and a beautiful panel of Japanese silk embroidery for Lady Dimsdale; the Marquis Ito; and Ras Makonnen, the representative at the Coronation of the Emperor Menelik, who gave Sir Joseph the Order of the Star of Ethiopia, with a sword, spear, and silver-mounted shield, while Miss May received gifts consisting of a beautiful embroidered native garment and a drinking-horn of characteristic workmanship.

Among the many entertainments Sir Joseph gave at the Mansion House was a lunch to a party of American visitors to London. Recognising that his guests were accustomed to banquets on an unlimited scale, he determined not to go in for anything out of the way, beyond the City's famous turtle-soup. To interest them, he exhibited some of the City's most cherished possessions—the pearl sword which the Lord Mayor bears before the Sovereign when His Majesty visits the City, the crystal sceptre, and the Lord Mayor's badge of office, which, though the brilliants have been re-set from time to time, is of great antiquity, while the chain dates back to the time of Henry VIII. The Americans were enthusiastic. One lady in particular, to the amusement of all present, exclaimed, "I shall not be satisfied until I put on the Lord Mayor's robe and the chain and badge

LXXI.—THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE, BART., K.C.V.O., M.P.

of office, and if the Lord Mayor will sign my menū I shall be happy." Who shall say nay to a beautiful woman? Certainly not the Lord Mayor of London, who has all the traditions of the City's hospitality to live up to.

Before the Mansion House is accessible to any man, he must become an Alderman, to which office Sir Joseph was elected for

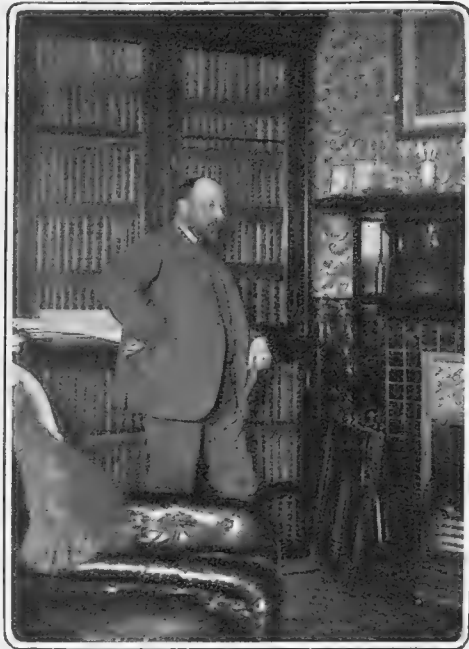
topics of the day which affect the country at large. He is a man with strong Imperialistic views and a devout belief in the development of the Empire.

Sir Joseph is an ardent Primrose Leaguer, and established a Habitation in Bayswater which, beginning with only sixty members, now numbers over fourteen hundred; a result



"I WARN YOU THAT THERE IS VERY LITTLE ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF A BUSINESS-MAN."

the Cornhill Ward in 1892, on the death of his old partner and intimate friend, Sir Robert Fowler, Bart., M.P. In 1893-94, Sir Joseph served the office of Sheriff of the City of London, and in commemoration of the opening of the Tower Bridge during that year he received the honour of knighthood at the hands of Queen Victoria. Sir Joseph sat as the representative of the City of London



"—OR READING. I AM PROUD OF MY LIBRARY AND SPEND MANY A HAPPY HOUR HERE."



"LET US GO OUT. BY THE WAY, THIS BADGER WAS KILLED IN MY GARDEN LAST YEAR."



"AND MY DAUGHTER, MISS MAY DIMSDALE, OFTEN ACCOMPANIES ME IN THE HUNTING-FIELD."

due not only to his own efforts, but to those of Lady Dimsdale, who is as keen a politician as he is himself.

Sir Joseph is also greatly interested in Masonic life, and is, probably, the only Mason living who holds the offices of Past Grand Warden and Past Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of England.

Soon after his Mayoralty, Sir Joseph's



"MOST OF MY TIME, WHEN INDOORS, IS TAKEN UP WITH WORK—"

on the London County Council from 1894 until 1900, when he resigned and was returned unopposed in the Conservative interest as M.P. for the City. In the House he is recognised as a strong Party man who, while deeply interested in everything concerning the welfare of the Corporation and the City, takes the liveliest concern in the



"I AM EXCEEDINGLY FOND OF SHOOTING AND HUNTING."



"STILL ANOTHER PICTURE? WE MUST REALLY HAVE LADY DIMSDALE IN THIS ONE."

long connection with banking ceased, and he was unanimously elected Chamberlain of the City of London by the Livery, an office to which he now devotes the whole of his time and to which he brings the accumulated experience of many years and his enthusiastic regard for everything concerning the welfare of the City.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

EVERYONE who has had a part in starting new papers knows that there is considerable difficulty in fixing on a title. When Sir Wemyss Reid commenced the *Speaker* he had almost resolved to be content with calling it the *Review*. The Editor of *Truth*, however, offered a prize for the best title, and the *Speaker* was suggested, though I do not know that the competition decided Sir Wemyss Reid's selection. It was decided at first to give the *Pilot* the title of the *Tribune*, but some copyright difficulty was in the way. Many years ago, some gentlemen who proposed to start a Church paper chose the title the *Pilot* and published it, though I do not know that any actual number appeared. Some of our most prosperous journals, including *The Sketch*, have taken the place of other papers with the same name which had a brief career. In the serial which he is contributing to the *Independent Review*, Mr. Hilaire Belloc gives several possible titles—the *Gleam*, the *Orb*, the *Meteor*, the *Doctrinaire*, the *Patriot*, the *Britisher*, the *Hammer*, *Criticism*, and some others. Among these the *Patriot* seems the most likely, though it is not new. A very respectable weekly paper carried the name for some forty years. Perhaps there is not so much in a title as is generally supposed. Once make a paper successful and the title is taken as a matter of course, whereas in some cases the development of the journal makes it ridiculously inapplicable. I cannot help thinking, however, that it would be well to change *The Nineteenth Century* and *After* into *The Twentieth Century*. The present title becomes less suitable with every passing month.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has been expressing his views on copyright. He suggests that books should be registered in different classes with different terms of copyright. "It really is ridiculous to treat, say, Smith and Elder's 'Dictionary of National Biography,' representing an enormous investment of capital, exactly as you treat a flashy novel representing a few pints of whisky and a couple of months of a third-rate writer's time. In short, copyright is a public question, not an author's question. Can anything be more absurd than to give forty-two years' monopoly to the obscene book of a literary blackguard, and only fourteen years to the inventor of the steam-engine?" Mr. Shaw goes on to say that the real want of the age is not more publishers, but more bookshops. He can sell eighteen hundred copies of a new six-shilling book without advertising, but he wants to improve upon that. He is stopped in two ways. His publisher will not advertise because eighteen hundred copies have landed him safely; and next, "there are no shops where people can see and buy anything but five quires of notepaper for a shilling, and a Bible, with a sixpenny reprint or so." We fancy publishers are always willing to advertise so long as the

price of the advertisements is covered, or a little more than covered, by the sale of the book, and there are authors who have their own public, and advertising does very little in the way of increasing that public.

As to the general principle of copyright, I have never been able to see why authors should not have the same right in their books as they have in their other property. They ought, at least, to be able to transmit copyrights to their children. It is a shame that any book should pass out of copyright so long as a child of the writer is living. If there had been an equitable law of copyright, Scott's troubles would have been immeasurably lightened and his precious life prolonged.

Mr. Fisher Unwin issues a very handsomely got-up serial entitled *M.A.B.* ("Mainly About Books"). It deals chiefly with his own publications and is interesting throughout. Dr. William Barry, the author of "The Day-spring" and other clever novels, contributes a short sketch of his own life. He describes himself as an Irishman by blood and a cosmopolite by temper. He is never so much at home as when he finds himself abroad. He studied in Rome, and has written some impressions, true and not fanciful, of its terrible, blinding light, its stern hills, and its dead sea of ever-desolate Campagna in his story, "Arden Massiter." He thinks that John Bull requires some enlarging of his ideas which will take in Rome, Ireland, America—the new time. "Of this I am always thinking when I see you given up to your sports, your betting on 'Change, your stupid Guildhall banquets, your astounding Pharisaism, while the millions cry aloud."

Dr. Moncure Conway's promised autobiography should be a book of great interest.

Dr. Conway has had a larger circle of notable acquaintances in this country and in America than, perhaps, anyone else. From his early days he has lived in the company of interesting men, and he possesses high gifts of observation and description. He has been concerned in literature, in politics, and in religion, and there is no kind of literary effort in which he is not practised. We owe to him, among other things, one of the best sketches of Hawthorne.

Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is writing another children's story, which is to be called "The Inner Room." The heroine is a poor janitor's child, half real, half fairy-like.

Mr. Henry Harland's new novel is nearly completed. He has deserted Italy for New England, his birthplace. In America especially much is expected from the book.

O. O.



SMALL BOY: Beg pardon, Guv'nor, but yer don't 'appen ter 'ave seen the North Pole anywhere about, do yer?

Cennyson's Heroines.

Drawn by A. Forestier



I.-ELAINE.

*She stay'd a minute,
Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—
Her bright hair blown about the serious face
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—*

*Paused by the gateway, standing near the shield:
In silence, while she watch'd their arms far-off
Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.*

—“LANCELOT AND ELAINE.”

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

FROM Monte Carlo comes the pleasant news that the authorities are going to open a Club in connection with the Casino.

This is rather a happy move, for, at present, the chief resource of the man who does not gamble is to read the announcement that the concert advertised for the day has been "postponed on account of rehearsals." Apart from this, there is nothing to do after sitting in the gardens, unless he likes to go upstairs and write letters in the reading-room, where an attendant in expensive livery doles out cheap notepaper as though it were jewels or precious ointment that he was parting with, and frowns heavily if you have as many as two or three letters to write. A Club will add to the resources of the visitor, and, as I read that ladies are to be admitted and baccarat is to be played, one may presume that the institution will not be run at a loss—so far as its proprietors are concerned.

President Roosevelt has quite a gift for saying what he means. I have been reading his comments upon the Post Office Corruption case with great interest. To say that "a dull public conscience and an easy-going acquiescence in corruption will ruin free institutions and make self-government a farce" is easy enough in this country, where our public servants have a moral code in money matters that is deemed quixotic elsewhere.

In the States, on the other hand, every man, save the President alone, expects to grow rich when in office. He accepts office on these terms. Now that rather ridiculous gentleman, Mr. Grover Cleveland, has decided to leave the Democrats to find another candidate, Mr. Roosevelt will probably be elected again to the Presidency, and he will have a freer hand and at least as free a tongue. He may be trusted to improve the occasion. When President Roosevelt is dead, I believe Americans will realise that they never had a greater man in office, and have had very few as great.

I am sorry to see that our American cousins have not taken kindly to Madame Patti's farewell concerts. She appeared for the first time on this tour at the Carnegie Hall in New York, and the criticisms are distinctly unflattering. One paper remarks that Madame Patti made her reappearance in the city "where, forty-four years ago, she won her first triumphs as a youthful artist." The critic goes on to say: "It sounded like an old voice, with little charm or colour, husbanded with jealous care . . . uncertain and unwieldy." All this seems very unkind and unnecessary. It would have been far more gracious and equally critical to have kept silent, or to have been content with a brief note to the effect that the memories of the past pleasure that Madame Patti has given to the States bade criticism be silent. The reception now accorded to the great artist will not cause her any financial loss—she was guaranteed a very large sum before she left England—but it must leave her with a very unpleasant recollection in her old age of the country that once paved her way with gold and praise.

I am not surprised to see that the case of the unfortunate ex-Captain Dreyfus is to be revised again. In the holy of holies of the French Administration the true causes of General de Pellieux's resignation were known, I have been told, at the time of the trial at Rennes, but the unspeakable Cavaignac had put his country into such an awkward plight that the whole affair had to be managed with one eye upon the Nationalists and their friends. Now that party passions have died down, the machinery of the Law Courts will sift and examine the latest documents that have come to light, and, as Justice may now move with comparative freedom and perfect safety, the issue of the inquiry may be predicated with safety. The credit of the revision attaches to M. Jaurès, the famous Socialist orator and Deputy, whose speech in the Chamber must have given Cavaignac the worst half-hour he ever had in his life.



Weary Walker "If I could only find a 'orse shoe — it might — p'r'aps —"



G. I. S. K. A. P. A. 0

— gimme a stroke o' luck ! —



TRAMP he was—he would have told you so himself—but no broken-down, dirty outcast from society. His sunburnt face was clean as soft river-water could make it; his clothes were old, but with a decent, grey age, free from all taint of frowsiness. If you had asked him how he lived, he would have answered you, "As a king, eating and drinking my fill, and with subjects that come and pay me tribute as I bid them. And here," he would add, holding up a bag of faded cloth that hung from his shoulder, "here is my magic."

So, indeed, it was—an old violin, slumbering, but ready to wake and sing and steal all hearts at the bidding of its master.

And if you had asked him if he were happy, he would have told you, "In summer-time, happy as the day is long. I wander through the villages, playing in the market-places, and they look for my coming and regret my going. But in the winter—no. Last year, when it was so cold, I played every evening in a room in the West-End of London—underground—where boys and women—pah!—drank and smoked, and my nose was filled with cheap scents and the fumes of beer and wine, and the tobacco-smoke stung my eyes, and—ah! do you smell the hay?"

And then he would be laughing again, and say—

"But a man must live; oh, yes, he must live through the winter so that he may enjoy the summer again. Only, if I had been a dormouse, or a hedgehog, to sleep. It was unkind not to make me a hedgehog."

"And what is your name?"

At that he would have bowed elaborately, and introduced himself as "Signor Contradini"; then whispered, laughing—

"But my father's name was Robinson. If I had been Robinson, too, I should have sat on a stool, and then, perhaps, in a leather chair, driving hard bargains and filling my pockets with money. But I—I am Signor Contradini, and I have nothing but my fiddle. I am a disappointment, a good-for-nothing, whose name is never mentioned by his family. But one day I will arise and go to my father, not to say 'I have sinned,' because I haven't—not a bit of it—but to play to him. Oh, yes, I will play to him, and we shall see. My little friend here"—and he would hold the old brown violin lovingly—"shall unlock the gate of Paradise for me. That was a Gipsy's prophecy; I played to the Romany folk an hour for it. Only I can't make up my mind if the place where my father lives is Paradise—not yet."

"And when will you make up your mind?"

"When I meet a woman I can love and want her for a wife. Then Signor Contradini will die, and I shall be—oh, so respectable!—Robinson."

It happened, on a bright summer morning, that Contradini, in his wanderings, came to the gate of a great mansion. Now of all things in the world, save his fiddle and old trees, Contradini loved old houses; so he passed in boldly, bent on a feast for his eyes. This he found in a few paces, not furnished by stone and timber, but by flesh and blood, and sweet with youth as the other mellow with age.

Terraced lawns, bright with flowers, sloped down from the house; on the lowest, a girl was feeding some peacocks. Contradini stopped, the house forgotten in a greater contentment. Hidden among the trees that bordered the drive, he watched her for several minutes, and then—forgetful there would be guardians of such beauty—the foolish fellow must needs want to play to her. But that he did not, for, standing with the old violin tucked under his chin, and the bow nicely poised, he was tapped smartly on the shoulder, and, turning, found himself facing a tall man of middle-age, and knew him to be angry.

"What are you doing here? Be off with you!"

He was no servant; it was the Lord of the Manor himself. Contradini, who disliked a wordy warfare profoundly and recognised the right of a gentleman to turn anyone off his own estate—even another gentleman—tucked his fiddle under his arm, quietly begged the angry Squire's pardon, and (without receiving it) walked back to the gate, while the disturber of his peace was content to watch him pass out and tramp away along the dusty road.

"Driven out of Paradise," mused Contradini. "But I'll unlock the gate yet." And all that afternoon, solitary in a wood, he played his violin—not the gay melodies with which he delighted the country folk, but music of the great Masters, delving in his mind for it, half-forgotten as it was, and finding it with a rare delight.

The long, hot afternoon waned, the sun sank, and the dusk fell softly over Contradini's Paradise. Sir Charles and his daughter, having dined, were seated on the stone terrace that ran along the front of the old house. They had been silent for some time, when, in the stillness of the summer evening, a sound startled them.

"Who's playing a violin?" demanded Sir Charles, of no one in particular.

Who was it but Contradini, snug behind a bush, on the far side of the lawn? If the gate of Paradise would not open—well, as long as a man had legs, he could climb over. And play he would, in despite of angry gentlemen.

Sir Charles would have sought out the trespasser, but his daughter

begged him to stay. A servant who appeared below was ordered back, and Contradini, undisturbed, went on with his playing.

Perhaps the mystery of the unseen musician, the quiet of the summer evening, and the moonlight getting into Contradini's fingers—perhaps these gave the music grace. Certain it is that he earned the right to stay awhile in his Paradise, casting a spell on all who heard him. Very full and sweet and low came the music, as a lover whispering. Contradini, behind his bush, the old brown fiddle tucked under his chin, played on, forgetful of all the world—except the girl he had seen feeding peacocks that morning. In short, the foolish fellow was in love, and so played as never he had played before.

At last he stopped, and, returning the violin gently to its bag, folded his arms and waited for what would happen.

Sir Charles sent a servant to bring in the musician, but Contradini shook his head. He wanted a better invitation than that. So Sir Charles himself crossed the lawn, with Phoebe, his daughter, far too excited to remain quietly behind, close at his heels. Sir Charles, grave and stately, thanked him for his music, said nothing about the prosecution of trespassers, and held out five shillings.

But Contradini had not made music for five shillings; not yet was he Robinson. So Sir Charles, the fine old gentleman, begged him to be his guest to the extent of some refreshment, and this he did and enjoyed himself hugely.

"Have you far to go for your lodging?" asked Sir Charles, when he parted from his guest.

"But half a mile."

"But the village—," began Sir Charles, sorely puzzled.

"I sleep—at the Hotel Haystack," quoth Contradini, laughing.

And so he did, despite Sir Charles's protests and offers of a bed in his own house. And very soundly, too, he slept, for, except when it rains, there is no better lodging in the world than your haystack.

It is needless to tell of the evenings Contradini played behind his bush. Sometimes, driven by the necessity of obtaining money for food (for he would take nothing from Sir Charles), he would wander away, but never to be absent more than a few days. The permission he made a rule of asking before he played was never refused, but not always did he talk with Sir Charles—yet always with his daughter Phoebe. And there grew up between them the prettiest flower of love, planted by Contradini's music, but sunned into full radiance of blossom by the merry, whimsical, wholly lovable personality of the musician. Sir Charles, sunk in after-dinner reverie, and soothed by soft music, would often nod and nod—and through all time this has been the lovers' happy chance.

But when the summer had nearly gone, for many days Contradini did not come; a week went by, and then another, and the rain began to drop from grey skies and the leaves to fall. So autumn passed, and winter, and the wonder of the spring; and Sir Charles almost forgot the wandering musician, mentioning him but rarely. Only his daughter remembered him always, but mentioned him not at all. And she knew he would come again.

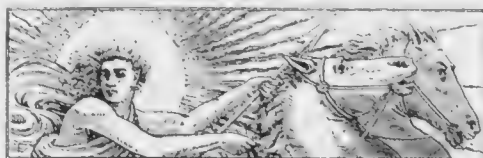
For Contradini, with the gate of Paradise open before him, would not enter secretly, as a thief. He had trudged away, northward, playing for his food as he went, bent on obtaining his father's forgiveness. It was to be the last journey of Contradini; at the end was Robinson.

On an August evening in the year following, a carriage stopped at Sir Charles's door, and a gentleman alighted. Dressed wholly in black, his appearance was that of a man of wealth—but it was Contradini. Sir Charles for a moment did not recognise him; but Phoebe, peeping over banisters, ran and hid herself in her bedroom, for no other reason than that she knew he had come for her and that he must not know how glad she was.

Over the dinner-table Contradini made history for Sir Charles and Phoebe, telling them how he had gone back to his father, and played to him, and been forgiven. He had found him an old man, rich, but full of care, and he loved the music that could soothe and rest him. So, through the winter, Contradini had worked with his elder brother in his father's business. But the old man died before the spring came; and, scarcely three months afterwards, his brother, seeking trade overseas, had been drowned; so that to him, the prodigal, had come all the wealth. As for his plans for the future, they were simple; he would sell the business, buy an estate in the country, and live in an old house, companioned by old trees and old turf, and—although this he did not tell at that time—marry Phoebe.

All of which in due course he did, and Contradini became Robinson. Only, he still treasures the old brown fiddle, and, if he sleep no longer under haystacks, yet cares little for a roof. He loves best to wander through the meadows and over the grassy uplands, preferring for his concert-hall some tangle of trees, with roof patched only by the sky, and for his audience the labourers in neighbouring fields, chance wayfarers in the lanes, or only—and these, he declares, severely critical of their fellow-musician, but, on the whole, approving—the blackbirds, thrushes, and finches that flutter in the tree-tops.

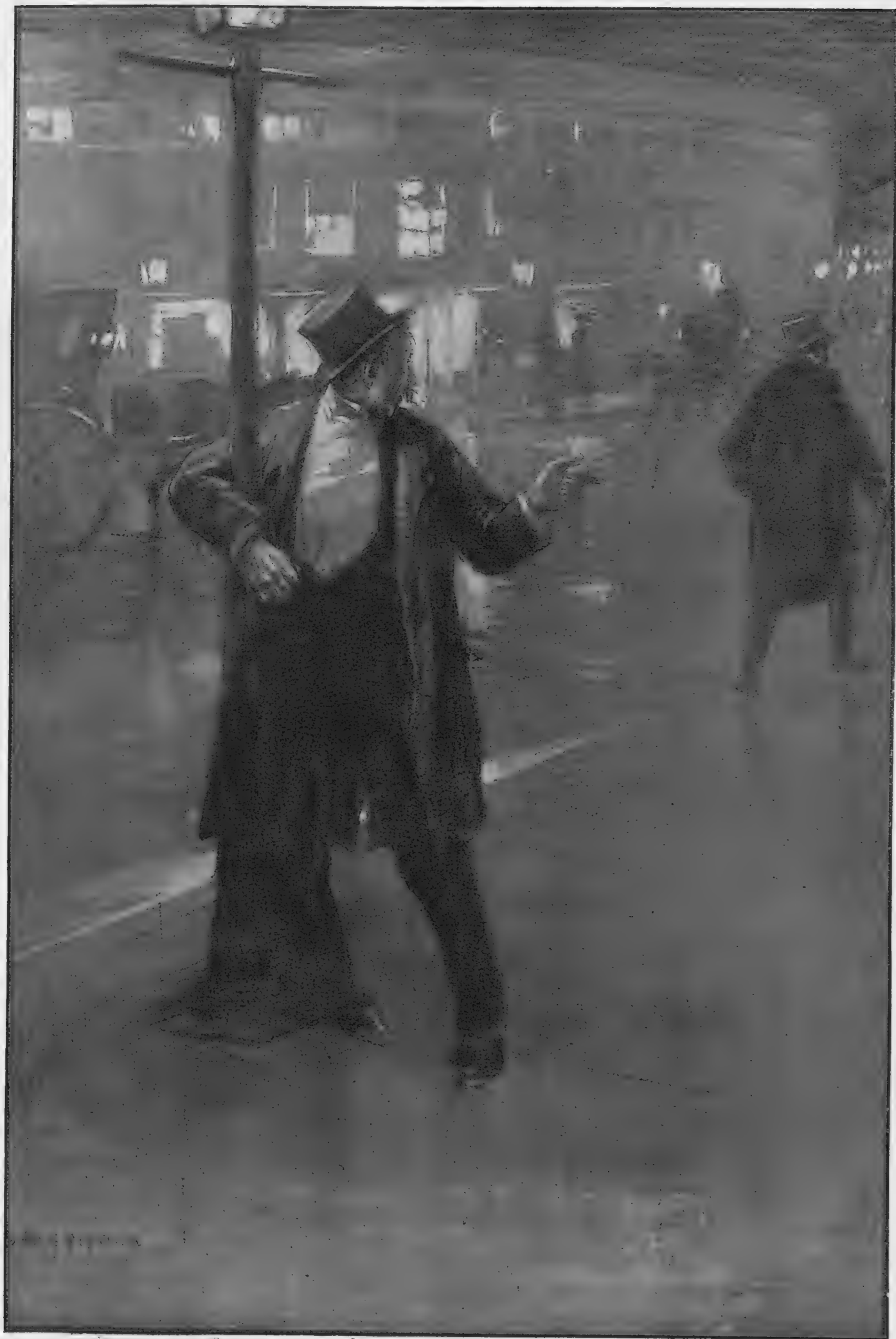
Perhaps one day you may chance to hear him.





"A KEEPER OF SECRETS."

SIR GEORGE LEWIS AS SEEN BY MAX BEERBOHM.



CYNIC (*after repeatedly asking passing strangers to tell him where he lives*): Christmas? Humbug! There's not one of 'em knows the—(*peculiar sound*)—meanin' of the word!

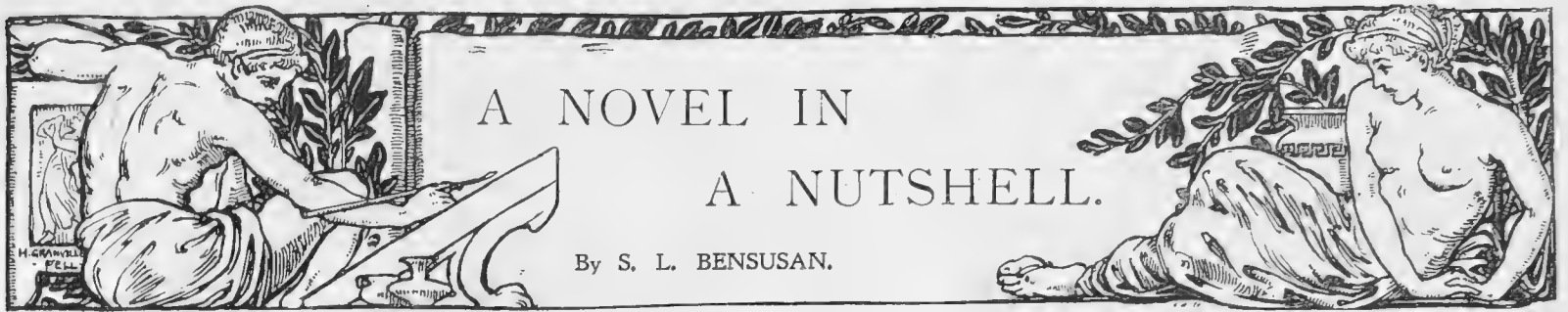
DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

(*Aloud*): "All 'ot! All 'ot!" (*Aside*): 'Cept me.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



THE CASE OF WAGNER W. CLAM.

WAGNER WATERBURY CLAM had few points that recommended him to outside favour, but, whatever his shortcomings, he knew less about them than anybody who had been in his company for half-an-hour. Eldest son of a packer in a Western State of America, he came to Monte Carlo with a pocket-full of what he called "greenbacks," though, in point of fact, they were issued by the Bank of England. He had unlimited credit, an assurance that was part of his birthright as an American citizen, and a full determination to live for all life was worth to him. In appearance he was hardly prepossessing. Little more than five feet in height, he had no figure to speak about, and parted his hair in the middle of a head that looked as if some very heavy weight had been put upon it before it had hardened to resistance-point. His fiery red hair added little or nothing to his beauty, and, if he had been a white man in the best sense of the term, he might have recovered very heavy damages against his own mouth for defamation of character. But he was not, or I would not have set down in cold print this record of his follies and the great penalty he was called upon to undergo.

Residence in London had done something for Wagner Waterbury Clam. It had smoothed away the rough edges of his Western manners and accent, and, had the three years he passed in town removed other Wild-Western thoughts and habits, this story had never been written. Unfortunately, he liked to express his sense of colour in suits of strange hue and waistcoats that made the sensitive beholder recognise the advantage of colour-blindness. Then, again, he was fond of jewels, and three or four great stones of price called attention to unfortunate square fingers that would have gone happily unnoticed if he had cared more for gloves than for rings. His own countrymen in London would have little to do with him; their fellow-feeling founded on patriotism could not survive their natural instincts; perhaps they were inclined to be even too severe with him, for he was not hopelessly bad, only a distinctly American version of what is called in colloquial English "a bounder." The indifference with which he was treated by his own fellow-citizens gave him little discomfort; he had no difficulty in creating his own set and "bossing" it to his heart's desire. It was not a reputable set or even a savoury one, but it sufficed W. W. Clam, and, as entry into it was not compulsory upon anybody, no more need be said.

Chance brought me to the scene of his arrival in Monte Carlo at the moment when he issued from the sleeping-saloon at half-past ten in the morning, as the train drew up in the station. He was as fresh as the Sun God when he starts his daily journey across the sky, but, unlike Phœbus Apollo, he wore a plum-coloured suit with a white silk waistcoat, and a red cravat with a very big pearl in it. His hat sloped rakishly over one side of his flat head, he carried lemon kid gloves in one hand, and looked as though Monte Carlo had been built for him to revel in. His valet, whom he had picked up in Paris—because, in addition to being a good servant, he understood motor-cars—was busily occupied with W. W. Clam's personal effects, jewel-case, revolver-case, travelling-bag with gold-stoppered bottles containing scents and essences, and other impedimenta that pertain by right to the *jeunesse dorée*. Leaving him to struggle with them, his master strode haughtily into a cab and drove to the most expensive, if not the best, hotel in the Prince of Monaco's domains. He was rather disappointed with his reception. In that particular hotel, where Royal Princes and Peers and members of all the aristocracies of Europe may be met or seen between January and March, he was received with less attention than his bank-balance seemed to demand. The manager was unmoved, even when he had chosen the bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room on the first-floor that had been vacated by a Serene Highness—whom the bank had broken—the day before, and, thinking, perhaps, that the plum-red suit ought to pay handsomely for all privileges, put up the price of the rooms by one hundred and twenty-five francs a-week, only to regret a moment later that he had not added more to them, for Wagner Waterbury Clam selected bank-notes to cover a month's stay, and offered them then and there to the manager, who referred him frigidly to the bureau. "I like to pay in advance, d'ye see," said W. W. Clam, in no way abashed, "so that the Casino can't wreck me half-way." And in half-an-hour he had the bureau receipt in his pocket-case and had sent telegrams to the Far-Western State announcing his safe arrival to the elderly, much-moneyed packer who was directly responsible for his appearance upon this planet, as well as to a certain "star" of London's lighter stage who had far less aversion from his presents than his company. These duties done, he squared his shoulders

and went out to have a good look at the place in whose history he intended to write his name.

It would serve no useful purpose to record in detail the modified triumphs of Wagner Waterbury Clam. He had the loudest automobile on the Côte d'Azur, and the company he put into it when he went along the Corniche Road and into Nice, in defiance of speed-regulations, matched it perfectly. He gave breakfasts and dinners and supper-parties, picnics and entertainments of every sort, and always to the wrong crowd—the people who can be had for the asking when anything is to be given away. In the Salle de Jeu he patronised roulette, and, as is so often the case with men who have no system and a lot of money, he seldom rose from the table a loser. In fact, for the first few weeks of his stay the "Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco" paid all his expenses, and they were very heavy. A good shot and a cool one, he played havoc with the pigeons on the slopes below the Casino. Keen sportsmen who had by birth and disposition all that he lacked looked at him with amusement and scorn when he came on the ground in a plum suit and white waistcoat—these were his favourite colours, and he had several suits of varying shades of red. When he began to drop his birds dead within the limits of the ground, their feelings thawed to respect, only to freeze again to their former state as soon as he opened his mouth. He took no big prizes, but ran some of the best shots very hard for them; his nerve and assurance were remarkable. The local papers of the Littoral gave much space to his achievements, and copies were sent to the Far-Western packer, for W. W. Clam was an affectionate son in his way. Indeed, he wanted to take a very rare present home to his father, nothing less than a scion of the old nobility, wherewith to gladden his father's heart and put the crown on his own success. He had some vague ideas of reading in the papers that Mr. Wagner Waterbury Clam and his Duchess or Countess or Ladyship had attended such-and-such a social function. On these points of social standing he was not quite sure of his footing, for though he carried Debrett with him, you can't find everything within those red covers if you start with as small a knowledge as he did. Moreover, he had nobody to coach him, though he asked discreet questions when opportunity offered, and examined his valet, who had served in a French noble family, until that young man guessed his master's ideas, being a very shrewd fellow who could enjoy the joke very much in his own silent way. W. W. Clam did not see that there was any joke in the matter at all.

One Sunday afternoon in late February, Wagner Waterbury Clam sat smoking a cigar in the Casino gardens, well pleased with himself and all the world. He had just left the table after bringing off three successful maximums on the red, and thereby "setting himself square," to use his own language, on the week's play. Down to that afternoon he had lost on six consecutive days. He hated being beaten, partly because he was very fond of money, and partly because it was a confession of failure, and he could not brook failure in any shape or form. As he watched the light-blue smoke lose itself in clear air, a lady came out of the Casino, followed by her maid, and sat down on a seat close by, with her back to him. He could not see her face, but her figure was very attractive, and he eyed her with lazy appreciation.

"Go to the villa, Marie," she said, addressing her maid, "take the key of my escritoire, and bring me the five thousand-franc notes you will find in the left-hand corner-drawer."

"But, your Highness—," began the maid, speaking, like her mistress, with a slightly foreign accent. The lady checked her at once.

"Hush, Marie! How often am I to tell you that I wish to preserve my incognito here? What would people say if they knew that I am living alone in a villa here and playing at the tables? Go at once, and don't forget to call me plain Madame, or I shall have to send you back to Vienna to save myself from your tongue." The maid replied respectfully, expressing her regrets, and hurried away, leaving her mistress to look out over the windless sea, and W. W. Clam watching her very eagerly indeed.

Fortune favours the brave, and success is for the men and women who can push when occasion offers. In two or three moments the lady rose and walked towards the terrace, leaving something on the seat. W. W. Clam rose quickly and seized it as soon as he had given one quick glance round to be sure the coast was clear. It was a card-case, open in front and with gold edges to the Russian leather that had such a fragrant scent. He stole a hurried look and saw

"S. A. Princesse Adèle," and could not read any more because his good-fortune had taken his breath away and dimmed his sight. He took quick steps to the side of the unknown, and, with a profound bow, asked leave to return what she had left on the seat. In that quick glance he saw a lady some thirty years of age, perhaps, handsome rather than pretty, and clearly of the class whose acquaintance he desired.

"I thank you, sir," she said, quite distantly, and then saw that he was handing her the card-case with the tell-tale titles full to view. Her face became very troubled. "I fear, sir, you must have seen my name," she said, pressing a tiny handkerchief to her lips as though to hide her confusion, "and you compel me to throw myself upon your courtesy. I would not on any account have it known that I am here. My friends would be very vexed, and I should get into serious trouble."

"Madame," said W. W. Clam, bowing low, "your secret is as safe with me as if it had never been spoken. I am a citizen of that great Republic —" Her smile interrupted him.

"I think I know you by sight," she said, graciously. "Are you not the young millionaire from the States who troubles the bank and makes such good records down there?" She pointed in the direction of the pigeon-ground.

"I am Wagner Waterbury Clam, Madame," he said, bowing once more, "very much at your service, now and at all times." She smiled again, a quiet little smile that attracted him.

"You are very kind," she said, simply, and, bowing, turned away. But this action did not suit her new acquaintance.

"I trust, Madame," he said, reverting in his intense emotion to a purely Western accent that was less melodious than a peacock's call, "I trust that I may claim an acquaintance that does me so much honour and gives me so much pleasure."

She turned again. "I fear, sir," she said, simply, "that to say 'yes' to your request would be to defy conventions more than ever. But I am not insensible of the service your discovery and discretion may prove to me, and your race will not be denied. At present I am living in strict retirement at the villa lent me by a friend; if circumstances permit me to declare my presence here, I shall hope to see my way to acknowledge my debt. In the meantime, I beg you not to follow me." She moved away with a very slight bow, and W. W. Clam remained where he was for five minutes, and then went back to his hotel to think over the events of the day; and, after a few discreet inquiries that his valet was able to answer, he consulted the "Almanach de Gotha," which left no doubt about the lady's high rank and widowhood. The ball was at his feet; he had but to watch his opportunities.

He saw her several times after that at the Concerts, going there to look for her, for he could not see what the world wanted with Beethoven now it had John Philip Sousa. He went to the Opera, too, and twice at the gaming-tables he had the good-fortune to have a seat very near her. He played heavily and boastfully, and his winnings were always in excess of his losses when he came to balance his books. She watched him and played on his stakes more than once, and then they drifted from a brief exchange of courtesies into conversation. In the gardens they met once more, when the first interview was ten days old.

"I have some news," she remarked. "I hear that the Emperor is leaving the capital for a fortnight's shooting, and is then likely to cross the frontier to visit a very high personage. If he goes, I shall drop my incognito and open my villa to my friends."

"To be reckoned the least of them," said Wagner Waterbury Clam, "will make me the proudest man in the Principality."

She acknowledged the compliment with another of her fascinating smiles, and began to talk about the play.

"I wonder," she said, "why you do not make a big attempt to break a bank? With your luck, you ought to do so. It seems to be the one thing in Monte Carlo you have not done."

"I'll try," said the enamoured little man, who loved praise, even when it was delicately administered. "Thursday's always been my lucky day. I'll try then. I'll go right there after dinner to-morrow night, with my letters of credit cashed, and, if the ordinary rooms won't do, I'll try the *cercle privé* itself."

"Don't try in the evening at all," she said; "try in the afternoon, and stop at five o'clock. My aunt, the old Grand-Duchess Augustina, and her daughter may be coming to tea with me at the villa, and, if they are, I'll send one of my servants down to meet you at five o'clock and you shall come up and tell us your news."

"Madame," said Wagner Waterbury Clam, "if my luck does not forsake me, one of those tables will go into mourning."

It did not forsake him. On that eventful Thursday afternoon, W. W. Clam, in a new suit of the hue affected by ripe plums, attacked the roulette-table nearest the entrance, with a capital of six thousand pounds English money, of which one-third may have represented his earlier winnings. He started at two o'clock, when there was little play in progress; but a crowd soon gathered, and at twenty minutes after four the bank capitulated. One wealthy Russian landowner and a Jewish financier from Hamburg began following the American's game soon after three o'clock, and the bank could not withstand the

trebled attack. There was a scene of great excitement; W. W. Clam had almost doubled his capital, and, by a series of happy coups at another table, he added nearly two thousand pounds to his store before he stayed his hand.

He had scarcely finished before a young man in neat black livery came up to him with a heavily sealed letter.

"Shall be pleased to see you," it ran, "if you do not mind facing a party of eight ladies. My aunt has brought some friends. I hope you require congratulation, not consolation." The paper was heavily crested and stamped in gold "Villa Espagnole."

Outside the Casino the lucky player's motor-car was waiting by the steps.

"The Villa Espagnole, Alphonse, as quickly as you can," he said, as he wrapped himself in the heavy fur coat.

"Pardon, but I do not know it," said the valet; "perhaps you can direct me?"

"Hang it all!" said W. W. Clam; "afraid I can't. Run and fetch the servant; he'll direct us."

It was late afternoon; the cool air was very comforting after the heat and glare of the Casino. Alphonse drove the car, his master at his side and the footman behind. They turned skilfully into a long, empty lane, in the direction of a very beautiful villa that stood on a spur of the hills, with big terraced grounds below.

"That is the Villa Espagnole," remarked the footman; "and see, there is Her Highness's Major-domo. He has something to say to us."

Another man in livery was standing by the edge of the little wood that started at the end of the lane, and, receiving permission from his master's eye, Alphonse checked the car. W. W. Clam saw that the man who came towards them had a grey beard and the traditional aspect of the old retainer, rose in his seat to greet him, and then, his feet were caught suddenly, a big muffler shot round his mouth from behind, and he shot forward on to the springy turf. Before he could struggle, his loose fur coat was removed, his hands were tied behind his back, his feet were lashed together, his eyes were bound, and the muffler was loosened just in time to allow him to breathe freely.

"If you say a word," said a threatening voice in his ear, "you will get a bullet through your head. Feel this; it is your own revolver." The cold muzzle of the accursed thing touched his shrinking forehead.

Wagner Waterbury Clam could not see what followed, and it is as well. The grey-bearded retainer removed beard and wig and became forty years younger and far less respectable; the powdered grey of the first footman became black. Wigs, frogged liveries, were hidden in a ditch and other clothing taken from a bundle in the ex-greybeard's possession. Then long strips of white polished wood were produced from the same big bundle that lay in the dry ditch, and, strange to say, they fitted exactly over all the woodwork of the motor-car and were screwed on into holes already prepared, by the aid of screws that the ingenious Alphonse drew from his pocket. The number-plate was unscrewed and another took its place.

"Time to be off now," said the man who had been so benign and grey-headed at first sight, when he had gone carefully over the pockets of the prostrate victim and removed the rich booty they contained. "What's the matter, Alphonse?"

"I don't like to leave that terrible red suit," responded the valet, irritably. "I cut all the others at the hotel into ribbons when I went for his jewel-case, after he broke the bank. Mon Dieu, what I have endured! It was terrible. I want to cut that one up too."

"Be quick then," said the elder man, indulgently, and Alphonse took out a pair of scissors and sliced the offending garments, while W. W. Clam suffered an agony of apprehension.

"Now," he whispered to his prostrate master, "I'm going to uncover your mouth to give you a drink. Shout and you die." He motioned the nearer man to hold a flask, and W. W. Clam drank eagerly. It was strong spirit, and he needed it. His mouth was tied again, not cruelly, but securely.

"This way!" cried Alphonse, and they carried their victim to the wood and laid him in his thick fur cloak. "Listen," he added, as he drew the glittering rings off those square fingers; "there was something in the cognac. You will go to sleep for some hours—perhaps, till morning, when the labourers will find you. If you had lost this afternoon, my friend in livery had a letter to say that the Grand Duchess had not arrived. Do you understand? I'm leaving it in your pocket to explain itself. You won't find us. There is no Villa Espagnole, there is no Serene Highness, there is nothing—except us, and we are going. Good-night."

W. W. Clam was found next morning by labourers on their way to the olive-plantation, and left Monte Carlo on the following day. His pride had suffered worse than his pocket, and he made no attempt to advertise his misfortunes. But he has gone on a grand tour through Europe, searching with admirable energy in every capital for the lady with the fascinating smile, the young footman, the grey-bearded retainer, and the valet who is so expert with motor-cars.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AS often happens in theatrical circles, the new plays promised in the near future fall into groups, so to speak. For example, the first "fairy-play" of the season—namely, Mr. Arthur Bouchier's pretty production, "The Cricket on the Hearth"—will soon be followed by several pieces of a similar kind. Among these more or less "Christmassy" works, the principal examples are as follows: Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll's semi-fairy-play, first called "The Dog-Trainer," then "The Only Girl," and just re-named "The Earl and the Girl," at the Adelphi to-morrow (Thursday), and the same collaborators' similar play, once named "Ella in Fairyland," but now called "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville to-morrow week. Other important examples of this sort include a new adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," prepared by a certain popular naval young-man-about-town who calls himself, for this play-purpose, "Y. Nott," the music being supplied by Mr. Walter Tilbury; this piece to start a series of matinées under the direction of Mr. John Donald at the New Theatre on the 21st inst. On the evening of that day, Mr. Philip Yorke, evidently undeterred by the recent "anti-sketch" verdict, will present a fairy-like miniature drama, called "The Moon Curse," at the Tivoli. Two days later, Captain Basil Hood's new fairy-play, "Little Hans Andersen," will be produced at the Adelphi for matinée use only. Three days later than that, Mr. Arthur Collins will present playgoers with his Grand Drury Lane pantomime, "Humpty-Dumpty."



MR. E. S. WILLARD IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Another example of the falling of plays into groups may be seen in the fact that both the new dramas being presented in the suburbs this week deal largely with drink. These are Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's new production, "Dick Hope" (by Mr. Ernest Hendrie), at the Coronet, Notting Hill; and Mr. Martin Harvey's production, "The Breed of the Treshams" (by the gentleman mysteriously billed as "John Rutherford"), at the Kennington Theatre. The other principal current drink-drama is, of course, that great Shoreditch success, "A Girl's Cross-Roads," at the Standard.

Miss Maud Hildyard, the East-End actress who represents the young female Coupeau in "A Girl's Cross-Roads" with such uncompromising realism, has just been engaged by Mr. Beerbohm Tree to play in his next production, "The Darling of the Gods." This drama will be presented at His Majesty's on the 28th inst., when the pantomimes and other holiday shows are well under way.

It has been stated during the last few days that the new comic opera, "Madame Sherry" (adapted from the German), will be produced at the Apollo to-morrow (Thursday) evening. At the moment of writing, however, I learn that "Madame Sherry" cannot be produced until at least a week later. "The Girl from Kay's" will therefore stay at the Apollo until next Saturday.

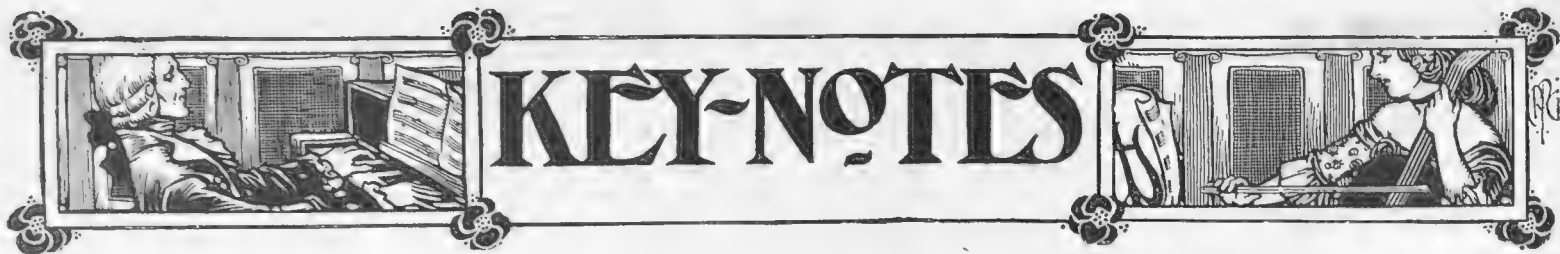
Up to a day or two ago, the Comedy was being negotiated for by Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton (Miss Beryl Faber) and Mrs. Maesmores Morris, who now propose to run at the Avenue a series of "comedies of wit and sentiment."



[Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.]

PAPILLON (MR. COURTICE POUNDS) AND HIS ASSISTANTS IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE LYRIC.

"I'm milliner monarch of Paris."



STILL the controversy in connection with the New York production of "Parsifal" continues, and Mr. Conried seems quite determined to go on his course unhindered by sentiment, clamour, or domestic jars. He is, of course, quite right, by reason of the mere fact that he is justified by law; after all, law is the only test, in the long run, of that which in civic life is right or wrong. A hundred years hence, for example, it is quite possible to imagine that "Parsifal" will be given in every European metropolis, though, of course, under naturally reverent conditions; therefore, one reasonably asks, why should so great a fuss be made in regard to the present production? One very much fears that it is less a question of reverence than one of interest, so far as Bayreuth is concerned. This, of course, is a delicate question to discuss, but every man is permitted to draw his own conclusions. At all events, the legal sense of New York has decided in favour of Mr. Conried's scheme, and there seems now no impediment whatever to prevent the production of the work.

One often has occasion to observe that modern Russia has made an immense impression upon the music of to-day. At the last Symphony Concert, conducted, of course, by Mr. Henry J. Wood, at the Queen's Hall, Borodine's Second Symphony (in B Minor) was given, and it certainly proved that many of the elements of the greatness that was to come were buried somewhere in the heart of this composer. The work, for example, has that curious characteristic so common to all recent Russian music, namely, the repetition of a single phrase hidden under innumerable disguises, rather than the presentation of a continuous flow of inspiration. Borodine has not the depth of such a composer as Tschaikowsky, and one is fain to conclude that, though his example was one which has been of enormous influence towards the making of the most celebrated music-school of modern times, he himself did not fulfil his own intention. In this Symphony you have the contrast between extreme melancholy and the wildest and maddest humour; in Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony you have precisely the same alternation of moods, with this difference—that, where the pioneer was wanting in accomplishment and was struggling with his own thoughts, Tschaikowsky uttered the last word of this particular temperament. One can easily realise such a situation; in the one case, you have a man of genius, without a perfect command of his technique, making more or less a failure of his art, but pointing forward, and in the other case you have the man of no less brain-power making a definite success by reason of a far greater technical equipment.

Ysaye has given his only recital of the season, and London amateurs are distinctly losers by reason of his all too brief appearance here; for he is indeed one of the very finest, if not the finest, of modern violin-players. One has heard innumerable stories of the

triumphs achieved by the pupils of Sevcik; one has been compelled also to listen to the accomplishment of many a prodigy who has confidently been set down by admirers as outrivalling the best players of the times of Corelli, or, let us say, Paganini: it is the fashion of the moment; but Ysaye's art comes under no patronage of fashion, and is dependent upon no clique of admirers. To hear him play Bach's famous "Chaconne" is still to be reminded of all that is best in the art of interpretation. Again, on the occasion in question, in Wieniawski's "Polonaise" in D Major he was at his very best; he was not only negatively perfect, inasmuch as he made no mistake of any sort or kind, but the actual and original side of his art was exemplified in the most emphatic and artistic manner. There was not a phrase in

which one did not feel that his interpretation was absolutely right. He was assisted by Miss Alice Venning, who sang a Mozart Aria and certain songs by Cornelius with moderate success.

Miss Alys Mutch, a contralto of no mean order, gave a Vocal Recital three or four nights ago at the Bechstein Hall, in which she was assisted by Mr. Foldésy, Miss Madeline Payne, and others. When Miss Mutch discovers how discreditable a part the English ballad of the drawing-room has to reckon with, she will, one hopes devoutly, turn her attention to many songs which are quite within her range both vocally and intellectually, and which are the outcome of a really serious musical emotion. It will not do for her to sing cheap ballads in these days when we have practically, one and all, declared war against their influence. She has, however, so fine and effective a voice that we are convinced that, by a little careful artistic selection of her repertory, she will succeed in proving that she has not only a great natural gift, but also the intelligence to make the best of that gift at every point.

COMMON CHORD.

TWO CHARMING MUSICIANS.

Madame Beatrice Langley and Miss Katherine Jones, who are just about to accompany Madame Albani to South Africa, have already visited other portions of Greater Britain under the same pleasant auspices, for they were with the famous singer in Canada. Madame Langley, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer, may be said to have played the fiddle as soon as she could speak, and few English lady violinists sprang so young into fame. Her playing has been specially admired by the Prince and Princess of Wales, both accomplished musicians, and, by a curious coincidence, Miss Katherine Jones has also enjoyed the warm commendation of their Royal Highnesses, having been honoured by a special command to sing before them. Miss Jones's voice is a fine contralto, and last month she sang with great success at one of the Saturday "Pops."



[Photograph by Alice Hughes.]

MADAME BEATRICE LANGLEY (VIOLINIST).

WHO WILL ACCOMPANY MADAME ALBANI ON HER FORTHCOMING TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



[Photograph by Noble, Toronto.]

MISS KATHERINE JONES (CONTRALTO).



A Loophole in the Act—Motor Timepieces—Care of the Car—Lady Londonderry.

THE MOTORS ACT of the present year and the Local Board Regulations by which the Act is to be administered have left the automobilist few weapons wherewith to combat his numerous foes. But, either by malice aforethought or by an oversight, the draughtsman of the Act has left one loophole, which I

would suggest that automobilists should not neglect to take advantage of. The County Councils, Borough Councils, and lesser authorities are already evincing their desire to profit by the money the Act gives them power to wring from those to whom they extend so little consideration. It would seem rather hard that the bulk of the registration-fees payable for motor-cars should pour into the coffers of those County Councils who have left no stone unturned to make the automobilist's life a burden upon the roads which traverse their particular counties, but luckily this oversight in the Act will enable car-owners to direct their money towards those quarters from which they have received the greatest consideration. The Act of 1903 sets forth that the car-owners must register their cars with a County Council or Borough Council,



THE "STRAND" MOTOR TIMEPIECE AT SMITH AND SON'S.

but does not specify that the registration shall be made with the particular County Council or Borough Council in whose area they reside. Here, at least, is a weapon ready to our hands. Within the next few days every car in the country must be registered. Let their owners see to it that not one halfpenny of those fees passes into the hands of the Councils of such counties as Surrey, Hunts, Sussex, and others upon whose roads and by whose instructions automobilists have suffered most virulent persecution in the past. I would suggest that cars should be registered with the Councils who have behaved well towards motorists, as the London County Council, and those of Kent, Notts, Herts, and Hants, among others.

Nothing sets off the dash-board of a smart car more than one of the new type of motor timepieces which those well-known watchmakers, Messrs. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, are putting upon the market, and which would make charming Christmas presents for automobilists. The "Strand" Motor Timepiece in the new angular-shaped case is the timepiece which most attracted my attention. The watch is so made that the numbered face is set at an easily readable angle to the driver. The outside of the case is absolutely rain-proof, and the watch can be securely locked up, the case itself being attached to the dash-board by screws, the heads of which are behind the timepiece, so that they cannot be detached.

The "Registered" Motor Timepiece is an improvement upon those we have already referred to, inasmuch that it is fitted with a tiny electric battery, placed at the back of the case. By pressing a little button, the watch-dial is illuminated by a small incandescent lamp set in a tiny cowl, and the time can be read on the darkest night. The little battery will last for at least a thousand hours. The speed-indicator made by this firm is a most useful and interesting instrument, being a combined watch and a chronograph. While the ordinary time of day is given on the face, the time taken to cover a mile is noted on the chronograph, and by the special scale-figures in red the speed of the car in miles per hour is seen at a glance.

The major portion of the cost of the maintenance of a motor-car accrues on account of the tyres, which at present are certainly the most expensive part of the outfit. But the life of a pneumatic tyre can be prolonged fifty per cent. to seventy per cent. by continual care and attention. In the case of a small nail-puncture, for instance, nine owners out of ten detach the cover, insert a new tube, inflate, and proceed, and never give that particular perforation of the cover another thought. They forget that the hole made by the vicious nail is continually opening when it passes over the ground and the cover is distended by the weight of the car, and, consequently, wet and grit obtain entry and promptly commence an attack upon the lining fabric. When repairing such a puncture, the orifice should be plugged with solution from the outside and a patch of the rubbered patching-canvas should be solutioned over the hole on the inside of the tread. Then, again, when the car is brought in from a run, all the little particles of road-material should be picked out of the superficial cuts in the tread, otherwise they will be forced deeper into the rubber by fresh particles

and will ultimately perforate the tube. When a car is left standing in its motor-house for any length of time, the wheels should be jacked up and blocks set under the axles of sufficient height to lift the tyres off the ground. Otherwise, the fabric at the point where the tyre takes the weight of the car weakens by sustaining the dead load.

Lady Londonderry has always been exceedingly fond of horses and is known to be one of the best whips in Society. Whether in London, in Durham, or in the neighbourhood of Mount Stewart, in the Emerald Isle, she enjoys nothing more than driving her stylish cobs. Still, this has not prevented her from taking a lively interest in the motor, and, as Lord Londonderry shares her Ladyship's tastes in both directions, they have quite a number of cars in use at their various seats. It will be remembered that His Majesty the King enjoyed many motor excursions while visiting Lord and Lady Londonderry during his recent stay in Ireland. When in residence at their stately seat in Durham, several cars are always at the disposal of members of the Wynyard house-parties. This photograph was taken at Wynyard.



LADY LONDONDERRY IN MOTOR-COSTUME.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Classics—Sandown—Starting—Sporting Journalists—Systems.

NOW that the flat-race season is over, we shall be soon hearing of the winter favourites for the Derby. The two-year-olds of 1903 are supposed to be above the average. St. Amant is very likely to be first favourite for the Derby of next year, while Henry the First, Lancashire, Santry, The Scribe, Rydal, and Mount will all have friends. I expect we shall see St. Amant at a very short price before the day. The colt belongs to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and is by St. Frusquin—Lady Loverule. He ran five times as a two-year-old, winning three and finishing second in one and third in one. He was second to Pretty Polly for the Middle Park Plate. He won the Rous Memorial Stakes at Newmarket, and was third to Pretty Polly and Lancashire for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. St. Amant beat Henry the First and Persil for the Prince of Wales Stakes at Goodwood, and before that won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot from Lancashire and a big field. Such, then, is the form of our best two-year-old colt; but it must not be forgotten that M. E. Blanc has three entered and his best must take some beating. Pretty Polly is engaged both in the One Thousand and the Oaks, and those events are at her mercy if she keeps well. It is lucky for Mr. H. M. Dorling that she is not in the Derby, as that race would have been spoiled as a speculating medium.

Weather permitting, there should be good sport at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday, and the attendance is certain to be large, as the Club members at Sandown are fond of steeplechasing. The new Stands are now completed, and they look spick-and-span. Too much room has been given to the members of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee. It is said, by-the-by, that the King will have a room in the Jockey Club portion of the Stand. I am not surprised to hear this, as the Royal Box is too far away from the course. A fairly good acceptance has been received for the Grand Annual Hurdle Race, to be run on Friday. Padlock II., who was a big disappointment on the flat, has 12 st. 1 lb., and he may do better later on. Communist is very likely to go close, but the pick of the handicap, in my opinion, is Likely Bird, who won over hurdles at Hooton Park, and was desperately unlucky not to capture the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Sixteen of the twenty-four entries accepted for the Grand Annual Steeplechase, to be run on Saturday. Glamore, if ridden by a capable jockey, should go very close, but I doubt his ability to beat the plodding Expert II., who has a useful book-record and who may be ridden by P. Woodland, one of our best cross-country jockeys.

Something surely will be done by the Jockey Club in the matter of the terrible starts that sometimes take place under the gate. As I have before stated, the starting in France has given complete satisfaction, probably because the Official Starter has introduced, on his own account, one or two useful ideas that have worked well. One thing is certain: starting at a standstill will not do and must be abolished. Again, no attendant should be allowed to take hold of a horse's head at the gate. I think a chalk-line should be drawn at least twenty yards behind the tape, and horses should be made to walk to the tape, which should be lifted just before they approached it. I am told that many of the big backers who have really good "tips" never think of backing these now until the tape has gone up. A large minority of the handicaps in 1903 were won and lost at the gate. If this sort of thing is allowed to continue, racing will not last a dozen years, and it behoves the Turf Senators to move in the matter forthwith. Why not put some of the jockeys on the Witness Stand?

It was with regret I heard of the death of Mr. W. J. Innes, a sporting journalist of the old school. Deceased was a capital judge of racing and he wrote fluently on the Sport of Kings. I remember when he won a big stake over the victory of Foxhall in the Cesarewitch and

Cambridgeshire. He took the liveliest interest in rowing, swimming, and billiards, and was a perfect organiser of functions got up in the aid of charity. His loss will be felt keenly in racing circles, coming, as it does, so soon after the death of our old friend Mr. C. Greenwood. We have a few good writers left who go the racing circuit, notably Mr. W. Allison, Mr. Francis Trevelyan, and Mr. Martin Cobbett, but the ranks are gradually getting thinned. Mr. Innes, like Mr. C. Greenwood, accumulated wealth, although both lost occasionally when backing their fancy. Mr. Innes practically arranged for the Press Boats attending all the Boat-races, and he was for years the best-known man up the river. If I remember rightly, he backed Hanlan when he rowed Boyd on the Tyne; at any rate, I made the match, and they had to row for £200 instead of £400 a-side, owing to my having deciphered a cable code wrongly.

Many speculators believe in systems. The old alchemists believed they could produce gold from lead by a system of transmutation, and the recent discovery of radium almost proves our old friends to have been on the right tack. But finding winners by studying the stars and planets is the latest freak in the sporting world. I am not sufficiently versed in the nostrum to even explain the preliminaries, but I can predict one thing—that is, that, despite the sun, the moon, and the stars, the bookmakers will continue to ride in their motor-cars, and will, as before, migrate to the South of France during the off-season. Backers of second favourites, horses with penalties, the last horse out of the paddock, the first to arrive at the starting-post, all have their day; but, unfortunately, the day of reckoning comes sooner or later, when it has to be admitted that the "beat-all" system has become badly undone. Following systems is so much expended energy that might be employed in other directions.

CAPTAIN COE.



Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

MR. V. H. CARTWRIGHT (OXFORD).



Photograph by Stearn.

MR. S. HORSLEY (CAMBRIDGE).

THE INTER-VARSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH, DEC. 15: THE RIVAL CAPTAINS.

THE INTER-VARSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH.

The Oxford and Cambridge Rugby Football Match appeals especially to the lover of sport for sport's sake. Like the Boat-race, the Cricket Match, and other inter-Varsity contests, the Football Match is above suspicion, and it is felt that the rival "Blues" always play for all they are worth. The form shown, too, is usually of the highest class, and this year's contest, to be held at Queen's Club, next Tuesday (the 15th), promises to be no exception to the rule.

"WHO'S WHO" FOR 1904.

What the busy journalist of to-day would do without his "Who's Who" it is almost impossible to imagine, for it is the one absolutely indispensable reference-book. Year by year it gets larger and larger, and as one item drops out two always arise to take its place. "Who's Who" for 1904 consists of some seventeen hundred pages, and as each year the useful tables formerly incorporated have had to be eliminated to make room for the ever-increasing number of biographies, it occurred to the publishers (Messrs. A. and C. Black) that it would be advisable to issue these as a separate book. The result is "Who's Who Year-Book," a strongly bound, well-arranged booklet only second in importance and usefulness to its parent. It is published at a shilling.

To-morrow (the 10th) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of special trains from London and other stations on their system to Folkestone for the Steeplechases. A Club train leaves Charing Cross at 10.45, calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, by which the return day-fare will be eight shillings. A train for the convenience of third-class passengers leaves Charing Cross at 10.19, calling at Waterloo, London Bridge, and New Cross, the return fare in this case being five shillings. Numerous trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AT Wilson and Gill's, "The Goldsmiths," of 139, Regent Street, both man and woman of affluent taste and the means to gratify it will find every inducement to give reins to fond fancies this

Christmas season, for at that important depository gold and silver ware—not to mention diamonds—form so large a part of this famous firm's well-chosen stock-in-trade. The new Celtic jewellery, which is one of many historic revivals in our modern Renaissance, can be viewed there under its best and most artistic auspices. Experts, skilled in ancient lore and with special knowledge of the subject, have evolved charming reproductions on classic lines but adapted to twentieth-century ideas instead of tenth. A few are here illustrated, the decorative value of which will be at once apparent. The turquoise-and-gold necklace, for example, costs only £6 10s., yet is a gift a Queen Regnant might wear with grace. Pendants in the same style are obtainable at from 30s. upwards, according to the workmanship and value of the stones. Hat-pins—always a welcome and useful present—delicately wrought brooches, and a variety of other charming baubles on every side eloquently remind one of Christmas possibilities at easily get-at-able prices. Simplicity seems the key-note of all good jewellery at present. Some single pearl-and-diamond drop necklets at Wilson and Gill's depend entirely for effect on the superb quality and lustre of the stones, which are few but good, and not, as in former tasteless days, on the crowding together of the greatest number of small stones without reference to design or pattern. Waistcoat-buttons, which have become so glorified and prominent an item of men's dress lately, are much in evidence at 139, Regent Street. Fine

visible, and all very moderately priced also, *bien entendu*. In the silver-ware departments many fascinations are again apparent—delightful little jewel-boxes, shaped like pianos, cabinets, old caskets, and so

forth. Also to be noted is a collection of toilet articles in the new plain silver with "reeded" edges, which are all in the best possible taste and a welcome departure from the meretricious, cheap effects with which of late years the "stamping" process has made us too familiar. A gold reticule-bag is the desired of every woman—useless to deny it—and at Wilson and Gill's these charming toys are obtainable at very moderate figures. Silver-mounted white china hot-water cans should be mentioned as an exclusive novelty, as are their new automatic card-cases: a visit to this establishment being, in fact, quite an object-lesson in new and desirable departures.

Undoubtedly one of the wonders of a wonderful age is the Parisian Diamond Company. The transmutation of metals is a trifle, in fact, to what the Company has effected in creating diamonds which are not diamonds and yet have all the glitter and lustre of Mother Earth's own manufacture. Of pearls the same may be said. Those much-prized gems in which the Parisian Diamond Company specialises have not been looted from the Indian Ocean,

it is true, yet experts cannot differentiate straight off between the weight, iridescence, colour, shape, and "skin" of one from another. A rope or string of the Parisian Diamond Company's pearls may be worn side by side with a row that costs three thousand sterling and the clearest North-light will disclose no inequalities of value. Many imitators have tried to copy them, but the method of preparation is as well kept as the secret of the constituents of Benedictine or

Chartreuse was kept by faithful monks, and all attempts, without exception, have therefore been obviously and frankly failures. Again, the emeralds, sapphires, and rubies of the Parisian Diamond Company are the wonder of the jeweller. Even the "feather" and flaw that Nature dispenses from her laboratory are accurately copied, while all the lustre, beautiful colour, and "flashing lights" are

preserved in every stone. Naturally, the great taste and artistic workmanship displayed in setting all these gems have enormously increased their value. From the tiniest lace brooch to the grandiose stomacher that may grace a State Ball, each article is the work of highly skilled diamond-setters, who not only reproduce the best models in museums and collections, but invent exclusive designs of their own, many of which create a much-followed fashion directly they appear.



NEW CELTIC JEWELLERY AT WILSON AND GILL'S.



THE NEW EAR-RINGS.



REPRODUCTION OF EAR-RINGS, CHARLES I. PERIOD.



LOUIS QUINZE PENDANT.



NEWEST DESIGN IN PENDANTS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

diamonds set in mother-o'-pearl, turquoise in the same smoked pearl with ruby centres, and a dozen other varieties. Sleeve-links in many new "ways" and notions, dainty bangles, charms, scarf-pins are

In this connection, it may be timely to remark that the Parisian Diamond Company are showing for Christmas presents a number of specially designed and inexpensive objects which have just been despatched from their Paris workshops and studios. Daintiness and moderation in price are the special characteristics of the collection, a few of which are illustrated on the preceding page. There is a Renaissance necklet, delicate and brilliant in design and colour as a dragon-fly in June, one of the new miniature pendants in an exquisite Louis Quinze setting, and two designs of the pendant ear-rings which smart, well-dressed women have taken up so universally. It may be added that, if proof were needed of the exclusive popularity which attaches to the Parisian Diamond Company's wares on their own intrinsic merits, it would be found in the eagerness displayed by a large number of smart and pretty ladies to win a handsome diamond and emerald pendant which was generously presented by the Company to the Ophthalmic Hospital Bazaar at the Great Central Hotel last week, and "raffled" amidst much interest and anticipation on the part of hopeful subscribers.

Another sort of Christmas gift presents itself in the shape of a "Swan" Fountain Pen, which, besides being "the busy writer's greatest aid," as per advertisement, is also the delight of the idle and lazy, inasmuch as one need not even think of an ink-pot over the longest letter, an escape from thralldom which those who love to write on a pad near the fire these cold days will readily appreciate. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, of London, Manchester, Paris, N'York, Chicago,

and other villages, are the makers, and, in all kinds of gorgeous covers and cases, these "Swan" pens are issued for opulent or generous, or both, gift-givers at Christmas-tide. One shown on this page is a dainty little writer eminently suited for the châtelaine of dame or damsel.

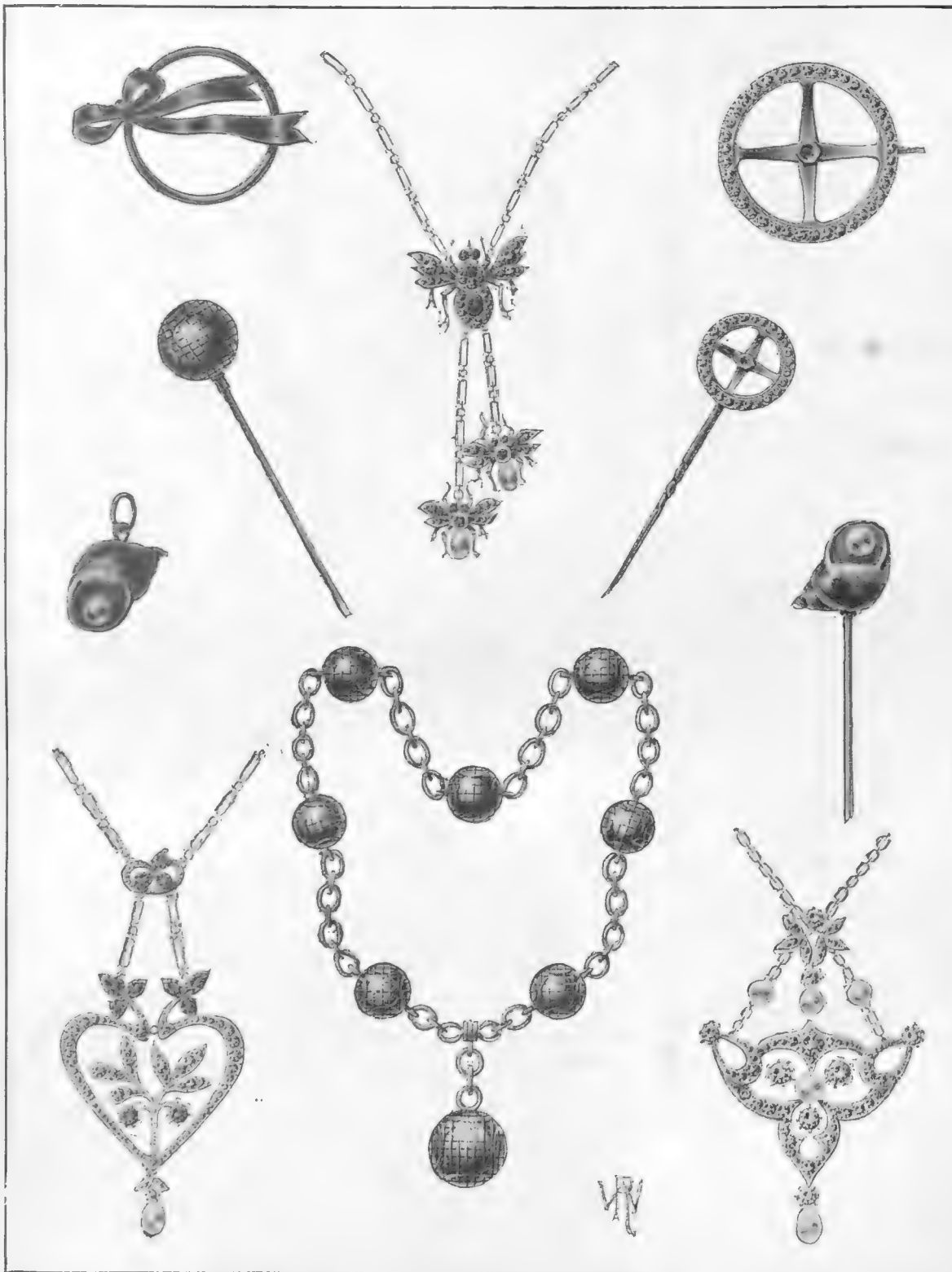


A DAINTY GOLD-MOUNTED "SWAN" PEN FOR LADY'S CHÂTELAINE.

At the Association of Diamond Merchants', of 6, Grand Hôtel Buildings, Charing Cross, a very varied collection of moderately priced jewellery is at the moment on view. The low figures at which most articles are marked is arrived at by the economical system of working which the Association has adopted, most of the designing, mounting, and manufacture of jewellery being done at its own workshops. The popular system of deferred payments is extended to those who prefer that method of dealing, and costly jewels can now be had on the "hire system" which would otherwise be quite outside

the possibilities of many present purchasers. A new style of combining matrix turquoise, pink tourmaline, and lapis matrix with gold in artistic tracery and pattern is very successfully achieved by the Association of Diamond Merchants, and a notable advantage in dealing with this firm lies in the fact that one can buy diamonds by weight and then have them mounted in any special design by artists on the premises. All jewellery is marked in plain figures—another great point of advantage—and an allowance of five per cent. is, moreover, given on purchases over five pounds. For those who cannot do their shopping personally, a comprehensive catalogue is issued, having over five thousand illustrations, which gives sizes and all detailed particulars, pictorial and otherwise, so that it is not necessary to come to town really when armed with one of the Association's catalogues. A few items illustrated on this page will also give some idea of the novelties provided at popular prices—a pretty gold brooch for 25s., *par exemple*; a motor steering-wheel brooch, done in brown enamel and platinum, for four guineas; the same in diamonds and platinum for seventeen guineas being a very elegant and up-to-date present. The glorified golf-ball as a gold hat-pin, at 12s. 6d., is an inexpensive novelty, as also is the golf-ball bracelet, whilst a new design in platinum necklets set with emeralds and diamonds will recommend itself to more opulently minded purchasers. Added to its extensive operations in jewellery, the Association of Diamond Merchants drives a very vigorous trade in silver-ware, and pretty presents from a guinea upwards are shown in great variety by these enterprising people.

Peter Robinson's Bazaar is a place no one should omit to visit. Once more that underground Palace of Varieties is in full swing, and its astonishing collection of inhabitants wake the subterranean echoes the livelong day. Mechanical dolls, clock-work men and motors, real live fairies, giants, witches, and wizards—Wonderland come back



NOVELTIES AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.

to this dull earth for a space, in fact. It would surely win the crustiest curmudgeon—were he Scrooge himself—to smiles only to note the enraptured faces of the children as one enchantment after another opens before their delighted vision. There are new dolls from Paris that talk and walk and behave in the most young-ladylike possible



WALKING DOLL AT PETER ROBINSON'S BAZAAR.

man manner; fire-brigades and forts, magnetic toys and magic-lanterns, tambourines, trumpets, trains, and a new musical drum calculated to produce the greatest and most delightfully ear-splitting amount of noise ever known in any nursery. Then there are games for the more grown-up of the small folk—Ascot, Fish-ponds, Word-making, and goodness knows what, not to mention Bumble Puppy and Flitterkins and London Post and May Day, in which we can all join in and forget for a moment that those dear nursery-days are, like the fox on a good hunting-morning, "gone away" over hill and dale into the Land of Never-Never. Not that the really grown-up girls and boys are forgotten, either. All around lie tempting trifles with which to deck forth one's breakfast-place on Christmas morning—new scents from Roger and Gallet's Paris list, "Alsatian Clover," "Indian Hay," and the rest; gay lamp-shades from the same Gay City; the new circular silver calendar, such a useful gift; new frames in beaten silver at from 7s. 6d. to 13s. 11d. each; a novelty in the way of silver fruit or orange-peeling knives which will commend itself to many housewives; and there is the silver Bridge-pencil, which automatically indicates trumps, at 3s. 11d. only. A new sort of patent card-case for men costs 3s. 6d., and the mere male appreciates also the reversible shaving-mirror with magnifier which screws on to gas-arm or any other projection, and costs only 12s. 6d. Quaint shapes in shaded pottery, with pretty bronze mounts, will appeal to many gift-givers; while, in matters more personal, there are pretty enamel pendants, mirror charms, "New Art" hat-pins, elastic jewelled belts, dainty cravats and handkerchiefs from Paris, hand-painted night-dress, or mouchoir, or tie, or glove sachets, and many other infinitesimal luxuries in which the soul of Eve's daughter delighteth. Altogether, for young or old, silly or serious, whether rich or of merely "reasonable" income, Peter Robinson's Bazaar is one of the places to write large on the map of London at Christmas.

There used to be a legend that if a man wished to delicately recommend himself to a fair lady's favour by means of a gift or souvenir, three things were admissible as initial presentations: flowers, or bonbons, or perfumes. Nowadays, I don't believe diamond tiaras would be resented after five minutes' conversation; still, for those who yet prefer more measured methods, the graceful example of their forbears may be advised. Not that a box of chocolates should be construed too seriously. The heathen deities forbid! But, as an expression of regard and remembrance, how much more grateful, *par exemple*, any of the three before-mentioned than the useless Christmas card, which is thrown aside when looked at. Grossmith's "Florodora" and "English Rose" perfumes are essentially dainties with which one would like to be pelted by thoughtful friends—deliciously fragrant bouquets, both at quite a modest cost, and put up in such charming boxes. Besides these popular perfumes, Grossmith's world-wide specialities of "Phul-Nana," a scent made of Indian flowers, and Hasu-no-Hana are obtainable from any good chemist, while the luxuriously minded will be glad to know of the "Florodora" Bath Powder, which refreshes and perfumes one's outer envelope so acceptably. An excellent face-powder and a superfine soap are also known under the style and title of "Florodora," and there are sachets of the name which convert one's wardrobe into a garden of sweet-smelling "creations." From Messrs. Grossmith's smart premises in Newgate Street all these and many other delightful odours emanate, most of their preparations being entirely concocted on the premises.

In view of the delightful illustration afforded in Saturday's pea-soup and porridge fog of what London can be like when it tries, it really behoves those who value life, or, what is more valuable, health, to clothe themselves with due relation to such unpleasant facts and climatic possibilities. Foremost amongst preventatives of chills and other atmospheric evils is the "Rasurel" Hygienic Underwear. Dr. Rasurel has, it would appear, perfected the process of making stockingette underclothing from a combination of pure wool and peat-fibre. Both bleached and natural brown peat are used, and it is claimed that specially hygienic qualities attach to this preparation. Dr. Rasurel's specialities in men's, women's, and children's underwear are unshrinkable and can be washed in hot water without diminishing to vanishing-point, as is the case, we all know to our cost and discomfort, with wool pure and simple. For rheumatic or chest-afflicted patients these specialities would seem especially suitable, the antiseptic and absorbent qualities of the peat mixture being of particular advantage. Lastly, it is promised that any garment which may, by untoward chance, become shrunken in washing will be immediately replaced by any of the various agents who retail these specialities. In this connection, it will interest archæologists to know that several perfectly preserved bodies of ancient Deutsch warriors were lately discovered in Westphalia imbedded in peat, thus attesting to its antiseptic and preservative powers in the most unexpected way. All sorts of underwearables are manufactured by Dr. Rasurel's representatives, and little booklets amply illustrated are issued on the subject, which may be obtained from the British representative, Mr. H. Clauzier, 105, Wood Street, City, or of most first-class drapers.

Coming down to the more material matter of eatables, I am "reminded to remind" my readers of the very excellent Christmas plum-puddings made by the manufacturers of the now well-known "St. Ivel" cheese, the grateful and comforting condiment with which we accompany our luncheon butter and biscuit in preference to most other cheeses, whether cream or otherwise. Of equal excellence and purity is the "St. Ivel" plum-pudding, made from a recipe of olden fame and of purest materials. This, as well as the "St. Ivel" cheese, can be purchased at any high-class grocer's; but, should there still be some benighted tradesmen who do not lay up stores of these dainties, a direct application to Aplin and Barrett, of Yeovil, will bring back by return of post one of their delicious Christmas-puddings for eighteenpence, a "St. Ivel" cheese for ninepence, and three "dainty puddings" for a shilling, or all together for three shillings—than which surely no more recklessly liberal offer was ever made by philanthropic purveyor.

Among the most dainty and exquisite "bonnes-bouches" which France sends to this country, few have greater merit than the Biscuits Pernot. These charming little tit-bits appear to be the acme of perfection in biscuits, and it is difficult to conceive anything more delightful to be served with dessert. True, they are expensive, and are only to be found in the best-class shops, but they will be none the less appreciated by those for whom the best is none too good.

Not many years ago, Cailler's Swiss Milk Chocolate was practically unknown in this country. But merit will out—especially in the case of an article in such demand as Milk Chocolate—and to-day Cailler's is fast attaining the position in England that it enjoys on the Continent. The youngsters and the grown-up folks who, in this country, are constantly calling for and insisting on getting Cailler's are very numerous, and the number is increasing daily. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has Cailler's supplied to her.

SYBIL.

Among the many beverages which at this time of the year are wooing the public palate, Nicholson's "N. S. S." whisky holds its own against all competitors. It is well matured and worthy of a trial.

Paris at Christmas.—The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the Express Day Service on Thursday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the Express Night Service on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, wine-merchants, of Regent Street, W., who date the establishment of their firm from 1667, the year after the Great Fire of London, possess an unique record of old aristocratic names, unbroken in many instances to the present day. The firm have been honoured with Royal patronage, their Royal Warrants dating from the days of King William IV. to His Majesty King Edward VII. Their famous cellars in Regent Street are brilliantly lighted, kept at a uniform temperature, and filled with rare old wines and spirits, and are well worth a visit. Hedges and Butler's own blends of Scotch whiskies have acquired a reputation second to none.

The London and North-Western Railway Company have made complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels in all the principal towns on their system, and all parts of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Special through-vans will be run on the principal trains for the accommodation of the traffic, and additional delivery and collection services by parcel vans and carts between the receiving-offices and the railway-stations will be in operation during Christmas week. The reduced rates which are in operation are in no case higher than the rates by Parcels Post. As an extra precaution, a duplicate address-label should be enclosed by senders in each package. Full particulars as to charges can be obtained at any of the Company's stations and receiving-offices.

ST. IVEL



CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDINGS

MADE ONLY BY APLIN & BARRETT & CO. LTD. ALL SIZES IN BASINS.

GOLD MEDAL.

The sale of these Puddings last year exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we received numerous unsolicited testimonials regarding the excellence of the quality.

This year hundreds of thousands of housewives will be saved the bother of making, for they will buy "ST. IVEL" Christmas Puddings only.

Sold by all Grocers at 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 3/-, 4/- each.

If your Grocer does not stock them send us 1/- and we will send one as sample, together with some "St. Ivel" novelties, post free.

ADDRESS: APLIN & BARRETT, &c., Ltd., Yeovil, Somerset. (NAME THIS PAPER.)

GREER'S 15 YEARS OLD Imperial Liqueur.
A LUXURY IN WHISKY

GREER'S 10 YEARS OLD O.V.H.
A Selection of the Best Highland Whiskies in Perfect Combination.
W. GREER & CO., Ltd., Glasgow, and 13 & 14, Trinity Square, London.

SHE: Sold out of "GREER'S"! Plenty of other kinds!
MAC: No "GREER'S"? 'Then I'll just tak' a glass of cauld water!

LADY SYKES ON HAIR-GROWING.

"2, Chesterfield Street,
"Mayfair, W.

"When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho' I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying 'Tatcho' I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend 'Tatcho.' (Lady) JESSICA SYKES."

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho" has completely revolutionised all past ineffective methods of hair-treatment.

KALIPHA

Jaques' Newest Board Game, 2/6, 3/6, and 5/-; Popular Set, 1/.

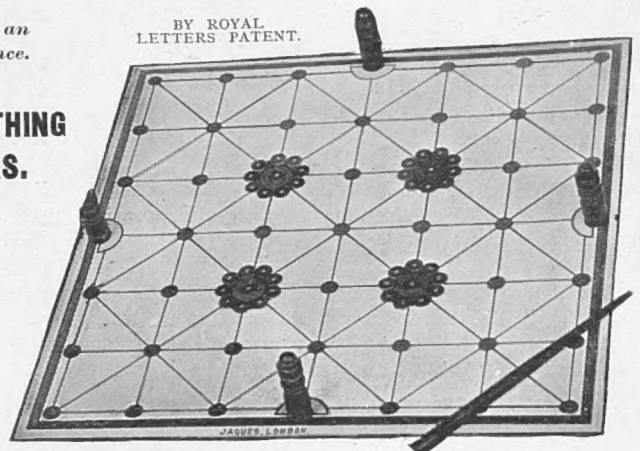
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ASCOT Race Game.

(PATENT)

PRICES:
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Extra Large (8 Horses):
21s., 30s.

The Self-Winding Set
(6 Horses, Clockwork),
£2 2s.

Played with models of racehorses, attached by threads to spindle running in box. As these are wound up, continual changes occur, it being impossible to foretell the result, which entirely depends on the exact way in which each thread winds on to the spindle.



Sole Makers—JACQUES & SON, Hatton Garden, London.

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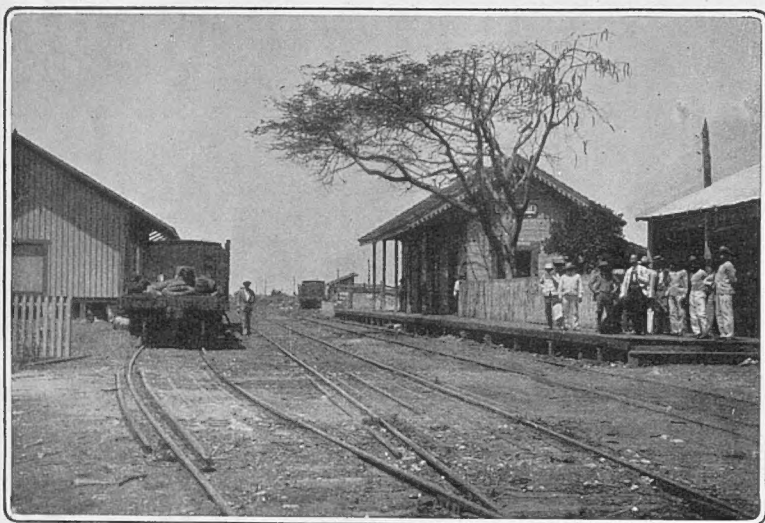
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

NEW HOPE FOR YANKEES.

AFTER many days there is at last some new ray of hope breaking upon the Yankee Market, and the impression grows that we may see a lively rise in Americans before long. Over here, of course, we are much too frightened of New York to commence a movement off our own bat, and whatever animation may be developed must be Yankee-bred. The chief reason assigned for this fresh upspringing of hope



WESTERN RAILWAY OF HAVANA: CANDELARIA STATION.

for a better market is the cheapness of shares on their merits. A good deal can be said for this argument, which is reinforced in some degree by the severe shrinkage that has taken place in the share list. Taking United States Steel Preferred shares as an instance, the quotation is now about half what it was at its zenith last year, and were the dividend to be cut down 50 per cent. the speculative investor would still receive about 7 per cent. on his money. We should be sorry to advise Steel Preference as an investment, because the bloated capitalisation of the concern always renders it liable to haunting hints of possible reorganisation, but for a speculation—to be taken up if necessary—the shares look promising for a three to five dollars further recovery. In such things as Atchison, Unions, and other gambling counters of the market, it is, perhaps, advisable to deal for shorter profits, but the point which we would bring home is that the neglected Yankee Market holds out considerable speculative opportunities at its present depreciated level of values.

THE SWEETMEAT AUTOMATIC DELIVERY REPORT.

Now that the Directors' report is published, there is no reason to wonder at the serious decline which has taken place in the price of the shares. That the document would not be prepossessing everybody knew, but that it would be such a confession of the complete incapacity of the late Directors is somewhat unexpected. The falling off of the receipts is not more than the published returns would have led one to expect; but if the Board had frankly confessed that the extremely bad value which the Company gives to its patrons for their money was the principal cause of trouble, we should have felt that they had at least understood how to improve matters. Generalities as to bad trade and bad weather are the sort of things which satisfy no one. The late Chairman resigned, and yet there is to be an arbitration as to whether he is to be compensated for loss of office! Hitherto ordinary mortals have understood that a person who of his own initiative gives up a post has no claim to compensation, but the ways of this Board are beyond the ordinary mortal.

It is clear from the report that the gentleman in question owes the Company £19,471, and that the present Board look upon it as a bad debt. What can shareholders think of a body of Directors who allow a colleague to owe so large a sum to the concern they are set to manage? Would any one of the old Directors have allowed Mr. Edward Hore to owe him such a sum?

As to the balance-sheet, it is too full of soft items, and a couple of hundred thousand pounds at least ought to be written off to make the assets side into a satisfactory document. With the knowledge the Directors had in front of them when the last issue of shares was made, we think they were not justified in asking the shareholders to subscribe at 30s. a share, and, if we had taken up any considerable number at such a price, we should feel very sore on the subject.

The only redeeming feature of the whole report is the fact that Mr. G. A. Touch and Mr. W. Capel Slaughter have been induced to join the Board, for here, at least, from their record, we have some guarantee that the next balance-sheet will be brought into much nearer accord with the true position than has been the case on this occasion.

MINING MATTERS.

Hopes of any sharp revival in business connected with mining shares must now, we fear, be deferred for another account or so. The Stock Exchange has begun to deal for the last settlement in the year, and, although there have been occasions in the past when such a final account seemed actually to encourage speculation, such is not likely to be the case this time. Much more probable is it that there may be a fresh spurt of activity a day or two before Christmas, when dealings commence for the mid-January account of 1904. The professionals will have to take the lead in the Kaffir Circus, of course, for evidently the public mean to maintain their attitude of impartiality by neither buying nor selling. The market is agreed that prices will not be allowed to slip back to any extent, but further than that it is difficult to get any decided opinion in the Stock Exchange, except one of vague bullishness in regard to the New Year. Still more in the Westralian Market is the waiting attitude of the public strongly defined. Sharp criticism has been meted out to those who dared to suggest the recent jump in West Australians as due to inside manipulation, yet the suggestion remains correct in fact, all the same. As highly speculative gambles, Westralians hold out a certain attraction by reason of the good returns derivable from the better-class shares, which puts them upon a higher footing than the Jungle Market counters. Whatever faith may have been formed concerning the bulk of the West African properties has been sorely shaken during the past year by the pitifully insignificant results attained by the Companies.

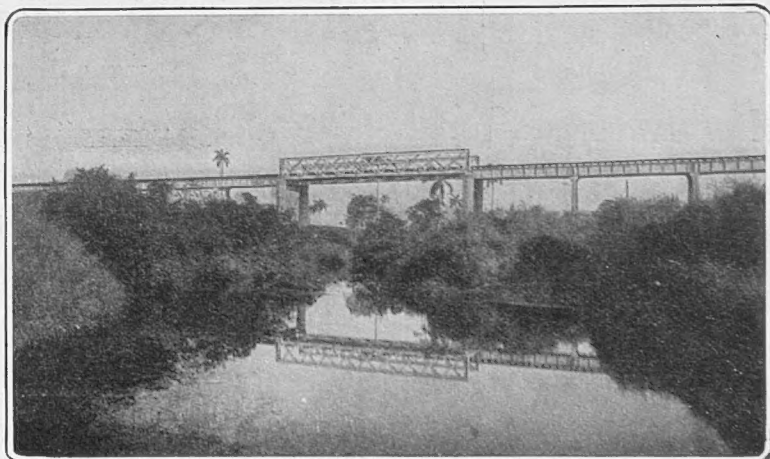
ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

My last letter from the Stock Exchange this year, perhaps, so make the most of it, my masters. The word acknowledges my sense of servitude, and yet the slavery is pleasant enough—to me, let me hasten to add with all due modesty. It is to some extent a relief to turn to pen and copy-paper after being pushed about in the House for the greater part of the day, and, so long as one feels "in the vein" for scribulation, the service of the dual work is not irksome. In which connection, a story, untold (so far as I know) up to the present, relates how a member was once, in the long-ago, haled before the Stock Exchange Committee charged with the sin of engaging in some business outside the House—which is, of course, contrary to the Rules. The Chairman of the day eyed him with an awful sternness, and finished up his denunciation with the exclamation: "Sir, no man can serve two masters: he cannot serve God and Mammon!" It was some time before he could be brought to admit that the quotation, in the circumstances, must have sounded somewhat malapropos.

To stand in the Stock Exchange and ruminate upon things in general is to court transgression of the Tenth Commandment. Could one but have for a single day—one single day—every order that comes to each broker, or every turn made by each jobber—what a prospect! But since this cannot be, in the absence of some devastating plague that would wipe out every broker or jobber except oneself, the hard fact has to be faced that competition grows more rapidly than business, and that the best has to be made of what can be obtained by the individual. It seems almost too good a thing to breathe the conviction that business does show quiet signs of becoming better—the very breath of the whisper might blow out the pale flicker of approaching trade—but I do not see why, after the Christmas holidays, there may not come a rekindling of the coals of business. It is a good sign that the Miscellaneous Market should be waking up. When the public turn their attention to Industrial stocks, it looks like a broadening of the base of interest, and shows that the small investor, as well as the great, has not forgotten the existence of a place called the Stock Exchange. Yet even the Industrial Market possesses surprises before which the gambles of the Mining section sink in comparison. I remember reading in my *Sketch* some months ago that Water stocks were to have a sharp rise. Following the advice for a time in curiosity, the prices, I noticed, did certainly advance, but now see how they have fallen beneath the cold findings of the Court of Arbitration! Again, this same paper was quoting American Brewery shares as speculative attractions what time that market had no "head" upon it whatsoever. And now there is a boomlet in the shares, thanks to the dividend declarations of the past few days. So far as Water stocks are concerned, the fall of £100 per share in New River new shares is a bolt from the blue—or rather, the cause of the tumble is—and if the Court's decision be upheld that no more than 10 per cent. ought to have been paid on the shares, the price may go yet lower. Talking on the subject with a friend of mine in the market, he frankly said that they would not be at all surprised to have the matter dragging on for a couple of years before all the questions connected with the Water Board are finally settled. It would be interesting to see how much a King's or an Adventurer's share would fetch now, were one of either kind to come to market.

For anyone who wants a good investment that has a chance of improving in price, Westminster Electric shares are worthy of consideration. The Company is, of course, one of the most important in the Electric Lighting list, and its management is excellent. At 12, the present price of the shares, a return of 5½ per cent. can



WESTERN RAILWAY OF HAVANA: SANTA CLARA BRIDGE.

be obtained, supposing that the next dividend be at the same rate as its predecessor, 13 per cent., but, even allowing for a 1 per cent. drop in the distribution, the purchaser would get 5 per cent. on his money, with every prospect of a steady increase in the future. When investments such as these are recommended, it is always as well for the capitalist to get a confirmatory opinion of his own by checking the figures given and by examining the balance-sheet, or else let him apply to his own broker for the views of the latter.

As regards speculations, it is a case of one man's view being as good as another's, unless either of them possesses inside information. Take the case of Smelting and Refining shares. Only those in daily, hourly, touch with what was actually taking place between the directors and the people responsible for the supposed guarantee could have foreseen the course of the price. I am entirely in the dark as to any official news, but the information which reaches me says that the probabilities point to the guarantee of a 20 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares not being met. On the other hand, the reports published in the papers seem to show that the Company is doing a very fair business, and the present seems hardly the right time to sell, although upon any upward move to the neighbourhood of, say, fifteen shillings or seventeen-and-sixpence, I should feel inclined to counsel a sale. There has been far too much of the back-stairs element about the market for the past six months to impress one with an idea of the quotation's stability, and the whole affair is just one of those things which stamp the West Australian department with that unstable character but for which the dividend-paying propositions of the Colony would stand in so much better odour.

Self-confidence as an asset cannot be prized too highly in the Stock Exchange vocation. Clients like a broker who has sufficient belief in his judgment to enable him to express an unhesitating opinion when he is consulted upon stocks or shares. Brokers like a jobber who can be frankly bullish about his own market for causes that appeal to the reason. But conceit does not "go down" in the House. The other day, two members stood chatting about a fellow-member who had failed. "How was it he came a cropper?" asked one of them. "Jobbed on the wrong tack," returned the second, and, when the other looked puzzled, he went on to explain himself. "You see, he was always so much a bull of himself and a bear of everybody else." Technical, perhaps, but comprehensible to any who have dealings with the Stock Exchange.

Letters from Canada tell how the frost commenced nearly a month ago. A friend of mine, writing early in November, says that waggons drawn by two horses were crossing the ice on the Saskatchewan River only two days after the frost set in. Blizzards are already in the air around the Grand Trunk Market, and were it not for the harmful, necessary bear my own impression is that we should see both Thirds and Ordinary lower than they are. As lock-up speculations, both the stocks make good selections, but there is no escape from the fact that the traffics and statements are not good enough for the prosecution of a bull campaign. The unholy way in which expenses eat up profits both on the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk systems is lowering to the constitution of the bull, but the policy of putting ever more money into the roads has many recommendations, from the standpoint of the investor. In Trunks there is certainly a bear account, which will probably save prices from any

substantial decline, but it may be equally wrong to be a bull just at present. The dividend should be declared some time next month.

Does your experience, I wonder, coincide with mine in that you never know whether you are "in the vein" for writing until the start has been made? Here have I been laboriously engaged for nearly two hours over a letter which should not have taken more than one. With a thousand apologies to each reader he hath bored again, there concludeth

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Dec. 5, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

OLIPHANT.—Your list of investments is very good. Like most people, you suffer from the prevailing depression in the price of investment stocks, but we see no reason to realise, as there does not appear to be anything on which the interest is doubtful. We really have no room to review twenty-four different securities in this column, but, speaking generally, the whole lot are "gilt-edged."

GARFIELD.—Certainly not.

CALIPH.—(a) The less you deal with the touts in question, the better for you. (b) New Heriot is one of our favourite mines. There is nothing more wrong than with all other Kaffirs.

MANILLA.—The 6 per cent. Debenture stock is, as far as can be seen, still a long way off getting its interest. If the claims of the Company against the Spanish and American Governments could be enforced, things would look more hopeful. Probably, with a gradual improvement in the country the Railway will do better, but it will be a slow process.

NETTLE.—To invest a large sum such as you name in "Chartered" or suchlike securities appears to us very foolish, unless you have so much money that you can afford to risk it. All the African "Trusts" are speculative. Put the money into good Colonial municipal bonds such as City of Wellington Waterworks, Cape Town 4 per cent. Stock, or the new Johannesburg Loan; buy some more Argentine Rails, Gas Light and Coke stock, and suchlike things. "Chartered" do not pay a dividend, and the concern called "Chartered Trust" is merely a relief fund for its parent.

ROVER.—West African Gold Concessions are a speculation, and depend on the outcome of the Liberian Concession to a great extent. We have a good opinion of the possibilities, just as we had some months ago. All jungle shares have slumped. You may lose your money or make a big hit. Cosmopolitans are generally thought to be a good speculative West Australian and likely to improve. Smelters we have no great faith in, and the market does not place any reliance on the guarantee. See our Stock Exchange letter in this issue.

SIGMA.—We will make inquiries, but if you were to write to Messrs. Slaughter and May, of Austin Friars, we think they could tell you the exact position.

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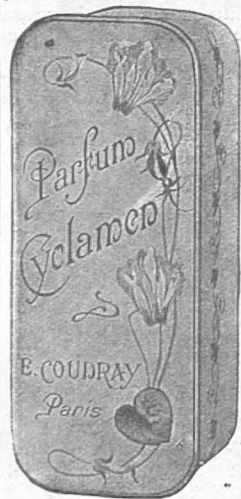
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